THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XL. No. 1032 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	613
OURSELVES AND AMERICA	616
PARLIAMENT AND THE PITS. By Helen Gosse	616
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	618
TWICE BITTEN. By Sagittarius	619
THIS ENGLAND	619
SPANISH JOURNEY. By Basil Davidson	619
SOUTH AFRICA AFTER SMUTS. By John Gross	620
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	621
MY SHAW POSTCARDS.—By Allan M. Laing	621
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Changes at Covent Garden. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	622
The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House. By Benedict Nicholson	623
Radio Notes. By William Salter	624
The Movies. By William Whitebait	624
CORRESPONDENCE: From C. A. R. Crosland, M.P.; S. G. Jacobs; Francis Williams; J. L. S. Girling; Peter de Mendelssohn; Alan Walker; Randolph S. Churchill; Adair Girby; Roger Chance; and Rupert Hart-Davis	625
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	627
SAINTLY SINNER, SING FOR US. By Sean O'Casey	628
REVIEWS: Beyond Good and Evil. By A. J. P. Taylor	628
New Novels. By John Raymond	628
Writers in Society. By Walter Allen	630
The Visionary. By Kathleen Raine	632
Foreign Correspondent. By Honor Tracy	633
Into the Empyrean. By Michael Swan	634
Quiz-Master. By Ralph Partridge	636
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	636
CHESS. By Assiac	638

A Gleam of Sanity?

THERE is still, as we write, a gleam of hope of a cease-fire in Korea. The panic, which last week led politicians in the U.S. to demand that atomic bombs should be dropped on Manchuria, has given way to a frustrated muttering about the greater importance of the European theatre of war. There are several reasons for this abrupt change, which is reflected more soberly in the British press.

First, let it be clearly said that, if Mr. Attlee had not gone to Washington, the chances are that the MacCarthy-MacArthurites would have won their way, that bombs would before now have been dropped in Manchuria, and that world war would have commenced. Mr. Attlee, unassuming but resolute, was greeted at first by the American press as a kind of pocket Chamberlain, but earned, before he left, the respectful attention of official America and even of such American newspapers as were open to persuasion. His realism and sanity acted like a cooling medicine given to a fevered patient. He could not, of course, have gained this measure of success had not other factors worked with him. In Korea, a division of American Marines, fighting as usual with professional gallantry, seem to have lost something like a third of their number, but the bulk of the Eighth Army has retreated in good order and for the most part without even being molested by the Chinese. The fact that U.N. troops could withdraw without disaster has certainly helped to soothe American hysteria.

Unfortunately, General MacArthur's opportunity of re-grouping has also increased American resistance to treating with the Chinese on a basis of equality. Sir Benegal Rau, at the head of a group of thirteen Asian nations, has done his best to persuade both sides to agree to those ambiguities and postponements without which a cease-fire is seldom possible. He sought American assurances that all the Chinese basic demands shall be at least discussed—including their admission to U.N. and their sovereignty over Formosa. On the first point the Chinese seem willing to accept the normal procedure of admission to the United Nations. It was hoped that, if China did not make admission to the Security Council a pre-condition of discussion, America would stand by her promise not to use her veto. This peace-effort seems at present doomed to failure because the U.S.S.R. has opposed the cease-fire on the ground that there is no assurance that America will agree to negotiate.

Korea apart, there is the dangerous question of Formosa. Once again the Chinese appear not to be demanding that America should immediately hand over to them the island, with Chiang Kai-shek on it, but merely, with great moderation, insisting that America should restate in unambiguous terms the declarations of Cairo and Potsdam (repeated again by Mr. Acheson in January, 1950) that Formosa belongs to the Chinese people and must be returned to them. There is no point on which so much difficulty is to be expected if and when negotiations open. It is clear that General MacArthur and many with him still hope to maintain Formosa as a base for American-supported operations against China; indeed, after negotiations for a cease-fire had actually begun last week, Governor Stassen infuriated all honest and sane men by stating, immediately after an interview with General MacArthur, that American policy should be to issue an ultimatum to the Chinese, after the refusal of which General MacArthur would immediately launch against them a full air and sea war. The difficulty about Formosa is real, for the American Staff regards Formosa as part of America's Pacific defence. The Chinese reply unanswerably that, to America, Formosa is an offensive base, but to China it is vital to national security.

The task now is to persuade the American public that Communist China is no longer a backward colonial territory, but a Great Power which must be accepted on terms of equality. The press has built up a disastrously false and dangerous picture of America's strength and righteousness. The first sign of the needed debunking has come with the defeat of General MacArthur, who, until last week, was almost deified throughout America. To-day, radio commentators, columnists and newspaper editorials are beginning to tell the truth about this over-rated political general.

One condition of success for negotiations in Korea is to bring General MacArthur to heel. If politically possible, Mr. Truman would do well to replace him. If not, the alternative is, as Mr. Attlee has hinted, to lay down precise forms of directives which the general would have to follow. Generals in the field must act at their own discretion in matters of military tactics, but General MacArthur's decisions have dealt with major matters of policy and have been supported by political statements designed to inflame American opinion and to thwart the intentions of the American administration and the United Nations. There is no hope of peace in the Far East until this situation is changed.

Control of the Bomb

Many Labour backbenchers were disappointed when they found they had to be content with a personal assurance from the Prime Minister about the control of the atom bomb. But Mr. Attlee's reticence is intelligible. It is now clear that Mr. Truman's remarks at his Press Conference were deliberately distorted by a hysterical press and that he in fact said nothing new. For some years there has been a gentleman's agreement between the Americans, the Canadians and ourselves that atomic weapons will never be used without prior consultation between the three Governments chiefly concerned in their development. If we were to demand that this understanding should be formalised, the President would be bound constitutionally to seek the assent of the Senate; and the treaty would have to be discussed clause by clause by excited Senators who would certainly hedge the consultations with every sort of limitation. The same argument applies with even greater force to the suggestion that the use of the bomb should be subject to approval either by U.N. or by the Atlantic Council. Thus the choice is between a secret understanding and a publicly negotiated treaty which might never materialise.

Four-Power Talks?

There is now a reasonably good prospect that another meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers may after all be held. The Western Powers have evidently rejected the idea of replying to the Soviet Note of November 3 (which requested a Four-Power meeting on Germany), by laying down unilaterally a detailed and comprehensive agenda—a procedure which would certainly have killed the project stone-dead. They now intend, it seems, to reply in general terms, but suggesting that the deputies of the four Foreign Ministers should meet beforehand in order to discuss an agenda. This procedure ought to be acceptable to the Russians—provided, of course, that the agenda is not to be framed in such a manner as to place the Austrian question, for example, before the German question, an order of precedence which the Russians would almost certainly not accept. The danger of this procedure is that it will entail another lengthy delay.

One reason for this delay may be that the Western Powers are desirous of entering talks with the Russians with an important card up their sleeve. They may want to be able to say that their preparations for the remilitarisation of Western Germany are far advanced, at least on the technical level. For that reason the military committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation has met in London this week to tie up the last remaining details which bear upon the admission of German military units to the forces of the Atlantic Treaty Powers. For the same order of reasons—to bring the military preparations of the Western Powers to a point of reasonably sound organisation before engaging in talks with the Russians the "Atlantic" Foreign Ministers are meeting in Brussels next week. Whether the intention then is to decide irrevocably on the rearmament of Germany is not clear. Certainly the American aim seems to be to have definite plans for such a step formally endorsed.

The German Attitude

But it is one thing to plan, and another to realise plans. What is now proposed for the Western Germans is a military organisation in "boosted brigades" of 6,000 men apiece, commanded up to that level by German officers but subordinate thereafter to non-German command. How many of these brigades the Germans are to have is not officially revealed; but German units are apparently to compose one-fifth of the "European army," and this army is reported to be going to have 55 divisions—which would give the Germans the equivalent of 11 divisions or, say, 20 "boosted brigades." The whole idea, obviously, is provisional; and it is hard to imagine that the veteran German commanders who are now advising the Federal Government at Bonn would conceivably rest content with such a piecemeal affair as a score of unco-ordinated brigade groups.

"Provisional," indeed, is exactly the word which Dr. Adenauer has used of this project. He has said that the Western Powers are now approaching "a provisional solution" of the European defence problem. He and his Ministers have continued to say, both privately and publicly, that the raising of any kind of army in Western Germany must in any case remain conditional upon the Federal Republic's receiving equality of status with the other West European countries.

Stockpiles and Shortages

We have yet to learn precisely what, if anything, Mr. Attlee accomplished in his discussions with Mr. Truman on the question of raw material supplies. Even in advance of any considerable use of key materials for actual rearmament, American stock-piling, reinforced by advance buying by many manufacturers, has already run up the prices of most essential commodities to a grotesque height; nor is there any sign of the rise slackening off. The very high prices of tin, rubber, and a few other materials have, of course, reacted favourably on the dollar earnings of a number of sterling countries; but they have also raised British import prices far above the prices of exports, and are threatening to make the financial burden of rearmament quite intolerable, even if the needed supplies could be procured. At the prospective price-levels, only the Americans will be able to afford to buy; and American stock-piling, far from aiding Western rearmament, will render it physically impossible. Mr. Gaitskell did well to emphasis, in his statement to Parliament on Wednesday, that suspension of Marshall Aid on Jan. 1 confronts Britain with "new difficulties."

The Race to Ruin

Unless speedy action is taken, there is every likelihood of the appearance before long in this country of unemployment due to shortages of essential materials, and of a ruinous scramble among manufacturers to grab what they can. Mr. Strauss, speaking last week in Parliament about the metals position, was thoroughly discouraging, but did not intimate very clearly what line he intended to take, beyond saying that he was "in consultation with industry" about the best means of preventing key materials from being put to inessential uses, and was considering restrictions on the export of semi-manufactures. Nickel, zinc, aluminium and certain forms of copper are all badly short; and steel soon may be, in view of the growing shortage of imported scrap. Nor are metals, sulphur and rubber the only serious problems. We are asking the Americans to release more cotton, and there is a world famine of wool, about which O.E.E.C. is deeply concerned. Timber and wood-pulp are also on the list; and, here at home, we must expect to suffer from severe shortages of electrical power if we are to become, as the Americans intend, a main arsenal for the rearming of the West. The plain truth is that the countries of the Atlantic Pact cannot rearm intensively without dislocating their own and the world's economies unless they are prepared to re-establish the machinery of economic planning for total war—with a Combined Resources Board and a Lease-Lend financing arrangement to take the strain. One has, however, only to state these conditions to see how entirely unacceptable they are to the United States in its present mood. The most that can be hoped for at present is not a solution, but some temporary lessening of the strain until the nations draw back from their mad race to ruin.

The Coal Crisis

On two points Mr. Noel-Baker's statement to Parliament in Tuesday's coal debate is to be commended. He rightly defended the miners against the prevalent, grossly exaggerated charges of absenteeism and slacking; and he was realistic enough to recognise that consumption demand, which the Coal Board gravely underestimated, cannot be met—at any rate for years to come—without a larger labour force. Less reassuring were the proposals which he sketched for dealing with the manpower shortage. Attempts apparently are to be made to recruit Irishmen—the most volatile type of workers who could be secured. The N.U.M. is to be asked to accept imports of some trained Italian miners—an expedient on which it would be rash to place great hopes in view of previous experience with recruits from the Continent. Recruiting for the Forces is to be suspended in mining areas; and, as for the provision of better housing for miners, the Ministries concerned are doing "everything they can." Meanwhile, the Saturday spurt will, it is hoped, check the ominous decline in distributed stocks—though it must be noted that the latest weekly output return is still below that of the corresponding week last year.

None of this amounted to a real answer to the Opposition charge that the National Coal Board has "fallen down on the job." It is probably a good thing that the House rejected Mr. Hudson's demand for an "outside impartial enquiry" into the situation: if the Minister of Fuel and Power is worth his salt, he should have no difficulty in making up his mind, without the need of outside advice, that the structure of control and management in the coal industry requires a drastic overhaul. The conclusions to be drawn from an article by a correspondent,

which is published on a later page, seem to be that, apart from questions of material incentives (including the vital factors of safety and health), the outstanding problems which have to be solved are (a) to rid the industry of red tape and the bureaucracy of remote control, and (b) above all, to humanise labour relations. These are problems less, perhaps, of constitution-making than of personalities in leadership. And these are ultimately the Minister's responsibility.

The Registrar Problem

The recent directive of the Ministry of Health, requiring that the number of hospital registrars be drastically reduced from the end of the year, raises fundamental issues. There are at present some 2,800 registrars. Of these, about 1,400 are seniors, in at least their third year of tenure, and their numbers are to be cut to about 600. Most of them are young men, many with several years' service in the armed forces, who are training to be consultants and are already bearing a considerable load of hospital work. They are now told that, if they are declared surplus, they should go back into the Services, go abroad, or secure posts as trainee assistants in general practice. It should be remembered that many of them have deliberately forgone remunerative posts in general practice, and accepted poorer salaries in a hospital, so that they could acquire specialist training which would help raise the standards of the National Health Service to which they, for the most part, are warmly sympathetic.

The sudden decision that too many doctors are now in training for the available posts as consultants raises serious doubts about the planning of the N.H.S. It suggests that, even now, the Ministry has not decided whether it is going to place its main emphasis upon hospitals or group practice of some kind—a state of indecision that is reflected in the present inadequacy of hospital facilities and the failure even to make a start in providing health centres. It suggests, moreover, that the Health Service is being thrown back to first priciples and that the protest against the reduction in the roll of registrars is a danger signal. This directive should be withdrawn, at least pending a much more thorough consideration of a whole series of problems, ranging from the capitation fees of G.P.s to hospital construction and the establishment of health centres, whether or not adequate premises can yet be made available for the latter.

Is De Gaulle Getting Ready?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Wu, Rau and other Asiatic monosyllables are screaming from all the banner headlines of the Paris papers; all eyes are hopefully fixed on Peking and Lake Success; and everybody is conscious of the fact that far beyond the oceans the very fate of France and of Europe may be settled in the next few days. Will the Korean war be wound up with the minimum loss of face? Will Europe at last receive as much attention as Korea has been receiving up till now? It is not doubted that Mr. Attlee, speaking in reality not only for England, but for Western Europe as a whole, has succeeded in making *some* impression in Washington—but how much, in the long run? It may be the most serious of all questions, and French observers are not entirely convinced that reasonable voices, like that of Walter Lippmann, are truly typical of the prevailing mood in the U.S.A. His warnings, ever since the beginning of the Korean war, against putting all the eggs in the Far Eastern basket were, after all, wholly ignored.

The anxiety caused by China's and especially Russia's seemingly high-handed manner, and the widespread fear of seeing America write off Western Europe, or of treating it as a second-class security zone have largely silenced Jules Moch and Guy Mollet and other French Socialists who, until a fortnight ago, had opposed German rearmament so vociferously. Mollet's threat to resign was a platonic protest, and no more. The Socialist leaders finally agreed that it was better to stay in the Pleven Government even if it meant grudgingly agreeing to that pretty quibble of M. Schuman's invention, "Rearming Germans, but not Germany." Schuman, supported by Washington, has clearly won this last round over the Socialists, and it seems at the moment that the Four-Power Conference on Germany, if it ever takes place, has in advance been deprived of its main purpose, the neutralisation of Germany. Will there be anything left to talk about to the Russians? Perhaps the warning that Russia would not "tolerate" the rearmament of Western Germany—a phrase ominously like that used by the Chinese in another context, has not been given sufficient thought. The French Communists themselves, too wrapped up in their Warsaw slogans, have said next to nothing about it.

There is a widespread opinion in France that while de Gaulle matters little in "normal" times, he has a genius for thriving in times of grave danger or disaster. It would, therefore, be foolish to dismiss his Lille speech on Sunday as so much hot air. The main points of his speech were that France was quite capable, without ruining herself, of forming twenty permanent divisions, plus twenty "mobilisable" ones, and of building up an air force of 5,000 planes. All this could be easily achieved by a Government "worthy of the people's confidence." The corner-stone of Europe was, he said, a Franco-German agreement, and in his version of "Western Europe" he included England (as No. 3), Italy and Spain. This "Western Europe" would need America as much as America would need it. The Atlantic Pact, he went on, must become a practical reality, and he criticised the strategic conception whereby all-out defence would be reserved only for the British Isles. How the "above-party" government, which will put France "in the centre of world events," is to be formed, he did not say, but armed insurrection is scarcely part of his programme. Anyway, he lacks the means for that. He spoke with his usual disdain of the parliamentary parties and of the present Government, and said that "the plan and the framework" would have to be changed, after which—if one understands his nebulous words correctly—a sort of plebiscite should be held in France endorsing the establishment of this "non-Party" Government.

The *Figaro* complains of the General's failure to seek the support of any of France's present parliamentary leaders; but it is perhaps not too difficult to visualise a catastrophic situation—or even a panic—in which de Gaulle would rally the support of many politicians now belonging to the Centre or even to the non-Communist Left. Whether de Gaulle waits for the next election—perhaps as early as March '51—before he acts, or treats the election as irrelevant, he will need watching, especially if more trouble arises over China or—more important still—over German rearmament, i.e., if the danger of war in Europe becomes more tangible than it is to-day.

PARLIAMENT: Party Manners.

Wednesday

If Emerson is to be believed that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, the Commons must be composed of geniuses. In the last gasps of the Festival of Britain Bill the House, having declared its principle, had second thoughts on details. One by one, it restored the children's corner, puppets and marionettes, boats and the boating lake, illuminations and Captain Bligh's Bounty and all, for Sunday opening. So, in the end, the House had its fun, the Festival its Fair: except that, appropriately, on the whirligigs the House stood firm.

Troops in overseas theatres of war, declared the P.M.G., would be permitted free delivery of one Christmas parcel. The Tories, who had not thought of sending one, wanted to be generous and demanded that another parcel should be allowed to those who had been served once already. The Chancellor revealed the Government's intention of releasing part of the sterling balance held by India, Pakistan and Ceylon. Mr. Churchill demanded that Britain should instead submit counter claims. The Chancellor explained that these credits were badly needed in that part of the world.

Mr. Churchill warned the Chancellor of the danger of doing anything without his consent. Mr. Gaitskell surprised the House and himself with the stringent reminder that "the Rt. Hon. Gentleman's attitude to India had always been unrealistic and totally lacking in humanity." The escaping wind of Mr. Churchill's punctured indignation left him too weak to rise, even when Mr. Shinwell stressed the gravity of the Korean situation.

The Leasehold Property (Temporary Provisions) Bill, which the Attorney-General introduced on Wednesday, is probably the most important of this Session. Selwyn Lloyd, as a signatory of a minority report on the subject, was temporarily promoted to the Front Bench, to recite the Tory objections. The Bill, he averred, was a "bad thing"; he threatened divisions on Committee. The lawyers, thereupon, held the floor and scholastically balanced a thousand subtle differences upon this pinhead of a Bill. Lay members fled, leaving Desmond Donnelly to protest on their behalf that the fault of the Debate was that "like the whole leasehold problem, too many lawyers had got mixed up with it already."

Meanwhile, the Prime Minister was in America to save the peace and the Minister of Pensions was there to serve the welfare of his 15,000 war-pensioners resident across the Atlantic. Putting patriotism, as always, before Party, the Tories determined upon a motion of censure upon coal. Attlee and Marquand caught the nine o'clock plane from New York for the division. With Brendan Bracken prevented by illness from taking part and Alf Roberts rendered inaudible by the "after dinner brigade," there were few apparent reasons for the opposition's censure of the Government. But it was put, just the same, and defeated by 14 votes, so that the Ministers could have stayed in the States a little longer after all.

Yet it all served some purpose. It enabled the Liberals to discover the united contribution they could make to the Government of Britain. All nine of them abstained together. "The debate till now," pleaded Robens in an audible moment, "has been sober and of a high standard." So could it be, for what need, asked Emerson, have men to say anything untoward, whose conduct speaks so loud?

TOM WILLIAMS

Ourselves and America

THE real significance of the Attlee-Truman conversations is that, for the first time since 1940, an Anglo-American conference has ended in frank disagreement on the main point at issue. As Alistair Cooke put it in the *Manchester Guardian* last Monday, Britain and America are "solidly split"; and we should add that the whole Commonwealth, including nations as diverse as India and Canada, support the British attitude to China in opposition to that of the United States.

Though the dangers of this situation are obvious enough—nothing could please the Kremlin more than a rupture in the Anglo-American alliance—we believe that in the long run this split is far less dangerous than a pretence of agreement. Mr. Attlee's first achievement in Washington was to resist the enormous pressure exerted on him. He refused to sign a blank cheque for General MacArthur and his Republican supporters. Instead, he firmly adhered to the view, first, that, in order to prevent disaster, the U.S. must be ready to accept a cease-fire and to negotiate with Communist China on terms of complete equality; second, that the agenda of the peace conference must not be limited to Korea, but must deal with the status of Formosa; and, third, that any final settlement must include a seat for the Peking Government on the Security Council. Since the U.S. obstinately and passionately rejects all the three British conditions for peace, the chief effect of the Washington talks was not to bridge the transatlantic gap, but to enable us to see how wide it is. Without splitting the Commonwealth and accepting the inevitability of war, Britain can no longer condone American policies in the Pacific which have already produced a crushing military defeat in Korea and which, if continued, can only lead to Communist domination of the whole of Asia.

To realise the courage of Mr. Attlee's stand, we have only to remember that on every occasion between 1940 and 1945 when fundamental differences arose between ourselves and the Americans, Mr. Churchill, in the last resort, gave way. Most of the war-time decisions which prejudiced the chances of an enduring peace—"unconditional surrender," for instance, and the Morgenthau Plan—were American policies, accepted by the War Cabinet with the gravest misgivings, owing to Mr. Churchill's insistence that nothing must be permitted to prejudice the Anglo-American alliance. Ever since 1945, this Churchillian thesis, repeated on an elaborate scale in the Fulton speech, has been haunting the Labour Government. Implicitly or explicitly, it has been the dividing line between Left and Right. The Right of the Labour Party has shared Mr. Churchill's view that in the last resort we must always stand by the U.S. right or wrong. Left-wing Socialists have seen more clearly the dangers of a partnership in which Britain always gives way. They believe that, if Britain had been much tougher in the loan negotiations of 1945, for instance, or in exposing the illusions of military "containment" of Communism, we could have achieved by now a genuine partnership with the U.S., rather than the status of a reluctant fellow-traveller. For a partnership must be between equals, and that means that from time to time the Americans, as well as the British, must make concessions. In the present crisis, there are two issues, on which we must stand fast:

(1) We must be prepared at Lake Success, in collaboration with the Asian and Middle Eastern powers, to insist on our conditions for a negotiated settlement, even if the U.S. openly opposes them.

(2) In the forthcoming Four-Power conference on Germany, we must agree with the French to forgo any German participation in Atlantic defence, on condition that the Russians disband the *Bereitschaften* and sign the Austrian treaty; and we must adhere to this policy even if the U.S.A. threatens to cut off its assistance in the defence of Europe unless the Germans are rearmed.

These are the two issues which will really test Anglo-American unity. By supporting Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee in Asia, and by insisting on German rearmament as the price of American aid, the U.S. is not merely endangering world peace, but demanding of its allies support for policies which can only lead to their destruction. In a vain effort to contain Communism with a girdle of military force, it is destroying the only foundation for a real resistance to Communism. The Commonwealth knows this; so do Western Europe, India and most of South-East Asia. Unless Britain in this crisis speaks for all and prevails in Washington, we shall all become satellites instead of partners of the U.S.

There is a third issue, rearmament, which menaces the unity of the free world, although here the precise point of "no retreat" for the British Government is much more difficult to define. Mr. Attlee seems to have agreed with Mr. Truman that the pace of European rearmament must be still further accelerated; and, if we succeed in preventing German rearmament, we shall have placed still further burdens on the shoulders of the Western Union Powers. There is no argument about the need for strengthening Europe's military defences within an Atlantic frame. On the other hand, if the social and economic defence against Communism is to be maintained, either at home or in South-East Asia, our military budgets must not be so hugely increased that the Welfare State is dismantled and the Colombo Plan discarded. In fact, we must tell the Americans that, without causing the Communism we are seeking to prevent, we cannot give the priority we are asked to give to all-out rearmament. Our economic resources are limited, and the suspension of Marshall Aid still further restricts the proportion of the national product which we can afford to devote to the purposes of the Atlantic Pact. Congressional enthusiasm for break-neck and socially destructive European rearmament is an emotion we cannot afford to share.

This does not end the matter. At present America is trying to avoid the necessity for a full-scale war economy by combining gigantic rearmament with full-scale civilian production. As a result, she is creating a world-wide inflation in the price of raw materials and a world-wide scarcity, which will soon paralyse the economies of her neighbours. This is one point on which the President and the Prime Minister seem to have reached some vague agreement. But the danger still remains grave that, by monopolising scarce raw materials and dispensing them to recipients she considers worthy, the U.S. could destroy the economic independence of her partners.

The choice is clear. If there is to be large-scale rearmament, then all the partners in the Atlantic Pact must submit themselves to the rigours of a planned economy and the austerities of rationing and controls. Unless and until the United States Administration has done this, it would be merely silly for any of her partners to accept any further burden of rearmament.

The one fatal mistake would be to seek to minimise or to gloss over the gulf of disagreement which divides America at this moment from the other nations of the non-Communist world. American public opinion is already half convinced that the Third World War has already begun, whereas the rest of us are seeking to prevent it. A large part of America has convinced itself that Communism can be contained by military force, whereas we know this to be illusion. Official America assumes that in the last resort Britain will toe the line and accept her policies. We know that to do this would destroy any hope of Western unity and Western strength. The only way to preserve the Anglo-American partnership in this crisis, and to save America from herself, is to stand firm, even if it means open disagreement and public recrimination.

Parliament and the Pits

DID the present coal crisis take the National Coal Board by surprise? It is a serious crisis, which threatens to involve much graver consequences for Britain's whole economy than those experienced as a result of the severe freeze-up in 1947. And if Lord Hyndley was caught napping, did he listen to wrong advice? Such vital issues are at stake that it is only right that Parliament should examine closely the steps the N.C.B. are proposing to take to meet the situation—a situation that need never have arisen if Board policy had been subject to stronger Ministerial control. The country is now suffering from the fact that the 1945 Act gave Hobart House excessive license to operate without regard to broad national needs.

Britain's first nationalised industry—the largest single industry in the world—has had four years on trial. Nobody asked for, or expected, miracles; but initial difficulties and growing pains should surely have lessened, not increased, if the leadership and policy of the Board had been sound. On Vesting Day, when Lord Hyndley and his colleagues took

over the control of the mines, they were assured of the enthusiastic support of 692,000 miners. It is true that they inherited an industry that was in urgent need of reconstruction, but among their legacies was the Miners' Charter—a clear blue-print of what the men expected in return for following a dangerous and exacting calling. Certain valuable reforms were put into almost immediate effect; optimism was in the air; the miners were loyal, both to the Government and to their new leaders; and surely they had every reason to be loyal, for had not "their" party appointed those leaders? As a result of an intensive recruiting campaign which featured improved conditions, the labour force gradually rose to 728,000.

Then two things happened. Mr. Gaitskell made his ill-omened speech of October, 1948, in which he intimated that there would be no further reforms without increased production; and the ring-fence control binding the men to the pits was removed. Rightly removed; but it was tantamount to taking a vote of confidence in the way the industry was being conducted. Since then, the miners have melted away; they have left the pits in steadily increasing numbers, until now, two years later, there are only 686,000 men, far too many of whom are elderly, remaining in the industry—the lowest number for close on sixty years.

What indication did the public—or, indeed, the Ministry—receive that a serious manpower shortage was imminent? The N.C.B.'s annual reports should provide the answer. And, true enough, in the 1949 report the subject was touched upon (paras. 272 and 283); but, although there were a few references to the declining labour force, there was not the slightest hint that the industry was already well on the road to a crisis. Indeed, the general tone verged on complacency; there was no suggestion that there was, even then, a real shortage of miners, merely that absenteeism was causing serious concern; and there was no hint of plans being made by the Board to overcome the shortage. Moreover, in the most recent N.C.B. publication, "The National Plan," no intimation was given that the scarcity of miners was likely to be a matter of grave public concern almost before the ink of the Plan was dry. The hope was merely expressed that, in 15 years time, 36 million tons more coal would be cut by 80,000 fewer miners—cold comfort, considering that the annual rate of departure from the mines this year has run at about 75,000, and net wastage at approximately 25,000. It is true that the manpower deficiency was beginning to be understood by the end of this October—even as far away from the pits as Hobart House; but surely the crisis now threatening us could have been foreseen by the leaders of the industry in time to be discussed in the Plan.

Is there any evidence that warnings of the impending crisis were given to Lord Hyndley—given and ignored? It is difficult to believe that the Ministry endorsed the Board's pessimistic forecasts of demand for coal. Right-wing defections from the Board have received wide publicity; but other resignations from the Board's employment have been numerous in the last two years, and some of them may be significant, although there has been little mention of them in the Press. For instance, was it solely frustration by red tape that drove the Socialist Director of Education to resign just as his comprehensive proposals for promotion and training were completed? Did he, and others like him, feel the labour relations policy to be fundamentally unsound? And what of the loss sustained to the industry by the departure from its service of both Dr. Capel, the late Director of Medical Services, and of Dr. Phillips, an ex-miner and probably the foremost expert in roof-control in a country in whose mines roof-falls are still the cause of the majority of pit casualties?

Whatever be the answers to these questions, it is undeniable that the shortage of coal is not due to slacking on the part of the remaining miners. The men are working harder than ever, and fewer men are producing more coal. Britain was the first European country to reach and surpass her pre-war output per man-shift, and production has risen; but it looks as if Lord Hyndley and his colleagues both under-estimated the prospective rise in home consumption, due to the needs of expanding industry and full employment, and relied over-optimistically on the results of inadequately planned mechanisation.

One acid test of the success or failure of mechanised mining methods is whether they affect the proportion of men employed at the coal face to oncost and surface workers. From 1945 to the present time the percentage change has been very slight—merely from 39.8 to 41.7, last year. Machinery has been poured into the pits, sometimes with profitable results, but all too frequently into sections unsuited for its use, so that either costs have been unjustified, or, worse still, the machinery has had to be removed altogether, which is very disheartening for the men. But the greatest tragedy on the Production side has been the failure of the N.C.B. engineers to evolve machines suited to the peculiar needs of British coalfields, with their undulating seams and frequent faulting. Too many of the Board's experts clutched too long at straws in the form of new American or German machinery. Now, as the National Plan demonstrates, they are stepping up research into British machines such as the long-neglected Samson Stripper, and discarding previous grandiose notions of vast "horizon" mines on the Continental pattern. But valuable time was wasted, and the Plan can do little to affect production for the next ten years.

Meanwhile, must we buy foreign coal at £7 per ton? Since Vesting Day, the Board have closed down 105 pits, and many more are under sentence of death. Most were losing money at the rate of 10 - per ton; but every time a pit has been closed, nearly half the men have been lost. Would it not have been cheaper to keep some of these pits open until the danger of an acute fuel shortage had passed? Some pits, not inherently "uneconomic"—such as Steer Pit in the anthracite area—have been closed through labour difficulties. It is not hopelessly Utopian to suggest that more might have been done in a supposedly democratically run industry to keep such pits working. The Board might have approached the N.U.M. and said: "Here you are, see if *you* can make this pit pay. Try running it your way, appoint *your* manager, and see what you can make of it."

The present expedient, Saturday working, is an expensive and, in the long run, dubiously successful cure. The imperative needs to-day are improved technical standards, much greater efforts to check the deadly scourge of dust diseases—perhaps the biggest single obstacle to recruitment—and a completely reformed approach to the human problem. Miners' pensions would be a powerful deterrent to leaving the pits; longer summer holidays with pay are badly needed; improved wages for certain groups of pitmen are still required (the latest award works out at only 4 6d. per week for the lowest-paid surface worker); and above all, the conciliation and consultative machinery—now a humiliating farce—must be overhauled. Consultation must be *made* to work. And the first step is to appoint leaders who believe in it. Without it the industry is lost.

The recruitment future is not rosy. In the past, the mining areas supplied a potential labour force of about 500,000, of which about 40 per cent. came to the mines; now the population of the mining communities is dwindling and the proportion coming to the mines is smaller. Inevitably, recruits must be drawn from outside. Labour relations in the industry are already sufficiently bad without further straining them by foisting more foreign workers on the miners. Britain must be the recruiting ground; but recruits will come forward only if rates of pay are sufficiently high, if there is real faith in the industry and if amenities in and about collieries are sufficiently good to justify the claims of attractive recruiting posters. At present, the wastage in some areas, among new recruits, reaches nearly 80 per cent. in the first three to six months of their service—one more deadly indication of weakness in labour relations, of the failure of the Board to "hold its man."

The present organization of the N.C.B. clearly needs a drastic overhaul. There can be no question of breaking up the financial unity of the industry; and still less should anything be done to curtail, by decentralisation, the sphere in which the N.U.M. can exercise its influence on national policy. But more local autonomy is certainly needed; the prevailing delays, not only in the conciliation machinery, but also in the stultifying slowness by which engineering projects of over £100,000 are passed from Area to Division, from Division to Hobart House and slowly back along the same tortuous path, are intolerable. More practical men are needed at the helm, and the flagships need far smaller crews. Greater output will be forthcoming provided that every single person employed pulls his weight *in the same direction*, as all would do if they were treated as full partners in a commonly owned industry. But this demands structural changes, which call urgently for the attention of Parliament. The Act of 1945 gave life to an organisational Frankenstein's Monster which threatens to dominate its Parliamentary master.

HELEN GOSS

London Diary

THE two important articles by Walter Lippmann which appeared in the *Herald Tribune* on December 5th and 7th, state with precision a situation at which most people only hint. They represent, I take it, more than Mr. Lippmann's own views; I doubt whether they would have appeared in the *Herald Tribune* at this juncture if they had not the support of Mr. Foster Dulles and a group of thoughtful Republicans. After travelling in Germany and Western Europe, Lippmann points out that German reluctance to rearm is mainly due to a very natural dislike for having their country once again fought over and this time occupied by Russians. To defend the Rhine and the Ruhr cannot interest the Germans. There are two conditions which would reconcile them to rearmament. The first is a sufficiently large American army to give them hope of victory against the Eastern Powers, and the second is that the war must begin on the Elbe and be fought on the Vistula. That is, the Germans will fight again, as always, for national unity and aggrandisement. He quotes Dr. Schumacher as saying that "the German military contribution makes sense if the world democracies will defend Germany *offensively* to the East." In brief Germany is to be rearmed, if at all, for a war of aggression.

* * *

In his second article, Mr. Lippmann says: "On Oct. 18th the Soviet Government sent a note to the three Western Governments which, in the Tass version, says that the U.S.S.R. 'will not tolerate such measures of the United States, British and French Governments aimed at reviving the German regular army in West Germany'." Mr. Lippmann adds that the Chinese also told us that they would not tolerate an advance to the Manchurian frontier and he suspects that the Russians will honour their word no less than the Chinese. To this I have three additional comments to make. First, the Russians would not have to move a single Soviet soldier to occupy Western Germany to-day; their satellites, East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia could take the Ruhr more easily than the Chinese have taken North Korea. Secondly, I wish Mr. Churchill or someone else who thinks like him would tell us why they expect the Russians to wait for two years for us to rebuild the Wehrmacht which, according to Western official estimates, killed some 10 million Russians in cold blood, apart from 6 millions killed in battle? And, thirdly, do not these facts make it absolutely necessary to have the projected top-level talks between the great Powers while the question of German rearmament, East and West, remains a matter to bargain about?

* * *

While large sections of the American Press insist on assuming that the West is already at war with the Communist world and talk as if it were already Anglo-American policy to bomb or atom-bomb Manchuria and anyone whose politics we dislike, this lunacy is not by any means universal in the United States. The *Wall Street Journal* has taken such a strong line in pointing out that war with China would be suicidal and senseless that one is almost tempted to think that the dove and the eagle have somehow or other got into the same nest. It is no use, said the *Wall Street Journal* a few days ago, "waving your fists at a man when you are standing downhill with the sun in your eyes." John S. Knight, the owner and publisher of four or five big Middle Western papers, has complained bitterly that the United States has failed to use "the normal procedures of diplomacy" in order to find areas of agreement with the Soviet Union; we may now be "prisoners of our own propaganda." An organisation as respectable as the Chicago Better Business Bureau has heard Mr. Knight deplore "the angry threats of our diplomats and loose talk of a 'preventive war.'" Discussing American reactions, the *San Francisco Chronicle* points out that: "No one group has a corner of rashness. While a group of reactionary Senators and their supporters have been crying for use of the atomic bomb in Korea, President Truman has committed a king-size blunder with his crack about 'considering' the use of the bomb." And this paper goes on: "The most dangerous thing at the moment is not the President's half-repaired blunder but the growing hysteria—and there is no other word for it—that is demanding exactly what the President first indicated—that the U.S. commence all-out retaliatory assault regardless of what is involved." I could offer a list of quotations of this kind. The voice of reason is not completely stifled in America.

* * *

The debasement of verbal coinage has become a serious obstacle to sane thinking on public affairs. Peace is now a smutty word, and appeasement, which should mean peace-making, a particularly scatological form of it. A specially shocking example of this evil thing is called "Munich." A moment's thought would show that the circumstances of Munich were not similar to those of Korea today but precisely opposite. French and British politicians went to Munich in order to facilitate the carving up of a small country whose independence they had guaranteed; the charge against them is that they failed to "stand up" to aggression. In the case of Korea, wisely or unwisely, the guaranteeing Powers not only stood up to the aggressor but actually went to war against him. Having successfully driven him out, they proceeded gratuitously to provoke a third country into war and were thrown back in headlong retreat. If they now admit that they were in the wrong and make peace on the best terms they can, what possible reason is there for calling them "Municheers"?

* * *

The latest victim of political warfare is a young Englishman, now a prisoner of the Chinese South-Western Command. Bob Ford, so the suspicious minds of the Peking radio and press commentators say, poisoned a monk, a "Living Buddha" who arrived in Chamdo last July supposedly to negotiate "the peaceful liberation of Tibet," thus revealing the wicked plans of the British imperialists to invade Tibet. Now there may be Tibetans sufficiently remote from world affairs to believe that somewhere in the dark recesses of the British Cabinet there lurks a would-be Younghusband planning a repetition of the disastrous expedition of 1904. Even so it is not easy to see how Bob Ford comes into it. He was an R.A.F. sergeant, a wireless mechanic who was lent for the purpose of maintaining and running the small wireless at Gangtok (Sikkim) which had communications with Lhasa and New Delhi. About 1947, the Tibetan Government needed wireless technicians to set up and run wireless at Lhasa and Chamdo and asked for Indians. When no Indian was forthcoming, the Tibetans, knowing and liking Bob Ford, offered him the job, and he left the R.A.F. to take it on a short-term contract. The allegation that he poisoned and then burnt a Tibetan monk arouses his friends to a state of baffled fury that can be imagined; I can only say that I too find the charge highly improbable, if only because it assumes that the murderer—the murder is supposed to have taken place last August—has settled down quietly in the place where the murder took place to await his Chinese gaolers. Possibly, if we had normal diplomatic relations with the Chinese, such rubbish would not gain currency.

* * *

There have been so many rumours about Mr. Ben Gurion's secret visit to this country last week that it is worth stating the facts. The Israeli Prime Minister flew here for the sole purpose of spending four days at Blackwell's Bookshop in Oxford Street. His Cabinet and diplomatic advisers all tried to dissuade him on the grounds that no-one would believe such a ridiculous story. But it happens to be true. Ben Gurion is a keen Platonist—he learnt ancient Greek ten years ago in order to read *The Republic* and Blackwell's have a fine collection of Platonic Scholiasts. He is also tired of politics after an extended Cabinet crisis. In an age of barbarism, it is a pleasant thought that anyone who penetrated to the back rooms of Blackwell's last week and spied a little whitehaired man on the top of a step-ladder would have seen a Prime Minister indulging his secret vice.

* * *

The latest issue of the *Clare Market Review*, which is the publication of the students of the London School of Economics, contains a supplement mainly composed of student tributes to Harold Laski. About the cartoons and drawings the less said the better, but the half-dozen tributes by Laski's students are an extraordinary testimony to his work as a teacher. It was an odd fact about Laski that the public work that made him famous seldom, if ever, revealed these qualities of mind and heart which, to his students and friends, made everything else about him seem of secondary importance. These tributes are spontaneous and unsentimental; they mainly consist of illustrations of a generosity in the expenditure of time, energy and companionship which is, in my experience, unique. I should like to add one fact about Laski from my personal knowledge. Many—I do not know how many—students could never have taken their degrees had not Laski privately paid their university fees.

* * *

With customary cynicism Sagittarius asks:

> The empty belly is a bad adviser.
> Are overladen stomachs any wiser?

I am thinking of having this happy thought printed on my Christmas cards. CRITIC

TWICE BITTEN

It is not by plunging into a third world war that peace can best be defended. *The Times.*

When Powers make peace their prime objective,
When all together for concord pray,
But come to blows on the means effective
And arm for battle without delay,
The voice of reason is raised to say:
When global conflict is recommended,
A third world war is not the way
By which world peace is best defended.

When talks are deadlocked on peace conditions,
Though peace in principle all support,
When shy peace-feelers and peace petitions
Opposed peacemakers rule out of court,
And press for war as a last resort,
Though peace is then, for a time, suspended,
It's not by conflict, however short,
The peace of the world is best defended.

When armed peacemakers become more vocal,
Denouncing other peacemakers' traps,
When limited war is thought too local
And bound to end in a peace with gaps,
Though the whole peace fabric may well collapse
Unless small wars are soon extended—
It's not by total war, perhaps,
That total peace is best defended.

When peace proposals are contradictory,
Though love of peace is by all professed,
When the only way seems the way of victory,
As nations arm for the final test,
Though all must know in the East and West
That only peace is by war intended,
Still, global conflict is not the best
Way by which peace can be defended.

Two world wars give peacemakers warning—
Are they heeding this timely word?
Though night must surely give way to morning,
Peace after war is still deferred
And has not either been seen or heard
Since world wars one and two were ended.
So it's not by plunging into a third
That peace, perhaps, can be best defended.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

He added that to achieve best results in the rearmament drive it was essential to bring the price of beer within the range of the average consumer. —*Birmingham Evening Despatch.* (F. M. Phillips.)

Can you discuss the writings of, say, Flaubert, Jane Austen, Balzac or the Brontes with ease and knowledge? Works by these and other classical writers have now been expertly condensed for you in an attractively bound six-volume set, so put yourself in the picture the easy, modern way. The original dialogue, atmosphere and individual literary styles have been carefully preserved.—Advt. in *Radio Times.* (M. Blend.)

It is a fearful thing to contemplate that, when you are driving along the road, a heavy horse may at any moment drop from the sky on top of you.—Observation by Mr. Justice Vasey, reported in *Daily Graphic.* (Edward Ward.)

Mr. —— has one client—a peer's son—who takes his two servants with him when attending for a breeches fitting. If the servants can pull the breeches off his legs he insists on an alteration.—*Men's Wear.* (H. G. Button.)

On and after January 1, 1951, the registered telegraphic address of the Commercial Department of the British Embassy, Istanbul, will be "Britain, Istanbul," and not "Commintell," as at present.—*Board of Trade Journal.* (C. K. Murray.)

Spanish Journey

III.—The Economic Crisis

The progressive impoverishment of Franco's Spain is so nakedly evident on every side that nobody here, not even the beneficiaries of the regime, any longer feels able seriously to deny it. Things have reached the stage of crisis; and the crisis is acute. What the supporters and beneficiaries of the regime now argue—at least to British and American ears—is that this crisis is largely due to the withholding of Marshall Aid and other forms of economic help. Since so many Spaniards are already on the knife-edge of starvation, it is an argument which those who favour a boycott of Franco's Spain must squarely face. Does the nature of this dictatorship justify a continued boycott—when so much hunger reigns? The answer will depend, clearly, upon an appraisal of the use which the dictatorship has made or would make of outside funds.

What the Spanish dictatorship has done, essentially, is to burden this half-capitalist, half-feudal economy with a massive bureaucracy (both civil and military) which now constitutes the ruling oligarchy and the principal beneficiary of the regime. The size of this bureaucracy is anybody's guess: what is clear even from a superficial impression is that it is immense and all-consuming, habitually corrupt, efficient only in its own individual interest, and proof against all ideas which could lead to a genuine expansion of the economy. The main achievement of this ruling oligarchy has been to channel an ever-increasing proportion of the available wealth into an ever-diminishing number of hands, and, as the statistics for wages, production, and national income show, this has had the infallible consequence of a high rate of general impoverishment.

This process of general impoverishment is now far advanced. Given the structure of the economy and the existence of this parasitic oligarchy, could things be changed by foreign help? The first thing to recognise is that foreign help can be given only within the limits of a system of extremely tight monopoly. Although I can find no reliable statistics on Spanish land tenure, it seems generally accepted that conditions do not differ essentially from those which obtain in Italy. In parts of Northern and Eastern Spain there exists a peasantry which is settled on the land; in Central and Southern Spain, on the contrary, there lies a desert of *latifondi*, of extensive and hopelessly backward cultivation, which goes hand-in-hand with all the evils of absentee landlordism and of a teeming, landless peasantry. All experience suggests that these peasants cannot be helped except through highly capitalised land reform—measures which this regime (or indeed any capitalist regime in Spain) neither will nor can carry through. Free imports of nitrogenous fertilisers and of farm equipment might do something to halt the steady decline in food production: they could do little to reverse the trend.

The monopolist structure in industry is much more striking even than in Italy. In heavy industry, blast-furnaces are possessed by 11 concerns: of these, Altos Hornos de Vizcaya produced, in 1947, some 70 per cent. of all pig-iron and about 60 per cent. of the metallurgical coke. The same concern has about 60 per cent. of the available steel capacity. An analysis of its board of directors reveals a direct representation of three of the six big banks—the Banks of Bilbao, Vizcaya, and Urquijo—of the big shipping company of Naviera Aznar, and of other industrial interests. These three banks, in turn, have a powerful hand in most of the major industrial activities of Spain, including that of hydro-electric power—of which, in 1947, seven concerns (interlocked through the banks) produced 55 per cent. of the total. Seven concerns in the cement industry, also closely interlocked, have about 35 per cent. of productive capacity (in Catalonia they have nearly 70 per cent.); and it is much the same with other industries.

The further fact emerges, then, that there are really two oligarchies in contemporary Spain: the oligarchy of the State, the Army, and the Church, and the oligarchy of industrial and landed ownership. Such political activities as exist in Spain, accordingly, are the consequence of pulls and strains between these different aspects of the dictatorship. The resulting economy takes the shape that one would expect. What may be called the moneyed interest, for its part, has done extremely well for itself in extracting a high rate of profit, in maintaining a diminishing rate of real wages, and in avoiding the payment of more than nominal taxation—through the corrupting of taxation officials, through "dual book-keeping," and through deliberate Government policy. Although it is quite impossible to say how much industrial investment has taken place in the last 12 years, most authorities whom I consulted were agreed that the answer was little or none. The steel industry is now producing at the rate of about 70 per cent. of capacity—and the capacity, according to one steel magnate whom I questioned, is the same as it was in 1929. Profits are said to go abroad, or into luxurious living, or into real estate. Replying to a Spanish newspaper campaign against President Truman lately, the *Voice of America* in Spanish retorted that the Spanish people, if they were interested in a loan from America, might like to know just how high was the value of the bank deposits in the United States of individual Spaniards. The mentality of these Spanish capitalists is so backward that it must really be seen to be believed: one shipping magnate whom I consulted assured me that the Spanish working people were "very well paid." Keynes, for them, remains a dangerous revolutionary.

To extract its share of the economic spoils, the oligarchy of the State, on its side, has had recourse to measures which the experience of Italy and Germany has already made familiar; and has done so with an arrogance and suffocating selfishness which often pass belief. It is these measures which American bankers, wanting Spanish capitalism to become "progressive" and to expand, have found insufferably irritating; they have said so on numerous occasions. Last March the U.S. Embassy in Madrid announced that the

Spanish Government was paying exactly as much for one ton of American potatoes as the Madrid black market (let alone the public!) was paying for 2lb—an item which the Spanish newspaper censorship understandably forbade to be published.

The cost of the dictatorship being so high—22 army divisions are now under arms and cannot safely be reduced—and the oligarchy being so much in need of money, the Government fills its pockets by measures which are surely peculiar to Spain. The standard of living of the people is already so low that there is nothing further to be got from indirect taxation. To obtain more from direct taxation would mean open warfare with the moneyed interest—would mean, indeed, something like a revolution. There steps into the breach what may reasonably be called the social welfare racket. Two semi-State institutions, the Instituto Nacional de Previsión and the Montepíos, extract forced levies from employers (and, necessarily to a much smaller extent, from employed) in the name of health insurance and other welfare aims. These two institutions are now the main buyers of public stock floated by the Bank of Spain; and in the first six months of 1950 such issues amounted to 75 per cent. of all issues. An undefined but certainly minor proportion of the funds thus levied is devoted to social welfare; but it seems generally agreed, unofficially, that the major part goes to financing the State and its omnivorous oligarchy.

Another extractive technique, lately developed, is familiar from other dictatorships. Like the I.R.I. of Fascist Italy, the Spanish Government has now established an Instituto Nacional de Industria, the ostensible (and no doubt partly sincere) aim of which is to break the hold on industry of private monopoly and to expand capacity by State investment, but the principal effect of which is to give the State oligarchy new sources of direct income. At a time when the Spanish steel industry is producing at 70 per cent. of capacity, the I.N.I. has set up a new steel corporation in the Asturias; naturally enough, it is against the I.N.I. and its competitive activities that the criticism of the moneyed interest—and also of American bankers—is at present mainly turned. Talking of the I.N.I., a British businessman said that this was "one more way for the boys at the top to get themselves 'plugged in'"—the phrase which is currently used for that minority of Spaniards who can "connect themselves" to the wealth-giving circuit of privilege and corruption.

The net effect of foreign financial help, under these conditions, can scarcely be in doubt. Dollar loans and sterling credit can and do strengthen both the oligarchy of the State and the oligarchy of the moneyed interest. Now that Franco has used up most of his slender gold resources, they can make things much easier for him—just as the 1948 Argentine credit of £110 millions, later U.S. dollar credits, and expanding trade with Britain, have made and are making things easier for him. But none of this foreign aid has done anything to prevent the growing impoverishment of the mass of the people: only the removal of the dictatorship can do that. In the light of these facts, even the humanitarian case for foreign aid falls through.

Valencia, November. BASIL DAVIDSON

South Africa After Smuts—II

THE lack of any fundamental difference of principle between the two main parties in South Africa was seen repeatedly during the legislative session which ended in June. Four important measures were placed on the Statute Book, each of them vitally affecting the life of the South African nation; but when the debates took place on the amended Immorality Act, the Population Registration Act, the Group Areas Act, and the Suppression of Communism Act, the United Party was unable to offer a firm opposition because it had no real quarrel with the basic principles involved. It agreed with the Nationalists that sexual relations between European and Non-European should be prohibited, that racial distinction should be defined, that residential segregation was imperative, and that stern Government action was needed against Communism. It came nearest to real opposition on the last measure, but its defence of individual liberties and the rule of law was largely negatived when, in the Select Committee, it put forward the proposition that the propagation of Communist ideas should be punishable by the death sentence instead of the ten years' imprisonment proposed by the Nationalists. Its only modifying influence would be in permitting a greater degree of voluntary segregation and in a milder personal administration, which would attempt to re-establish some bridges of contact between European and Non-European.

There are, however, outside both political parties, a number of forces which attempt to restrain the rapidly developing conflict. Individual liberals still express unpopular opinions, and the efforts of the Ballingers, Senator Brookes and a number of the University representatives have by no means been without effect. (With the passage of the Suppression of Communism Act, these individuals will be very finely sifted, and only those who have very strong principles and personalities will be able to continue such work.) The churches, too, apart from the Dutch Reformed Church, are brought into increasing opposition to the Government, especially as the Nationalists are rapidly developing their claim to control the type of education given in schools and to decide which school a child shall attend. But the most important barrier to the aims of the Nationalist Government has been the higher elements in the Judiciary. Not only have the respective Bars protested against alleged interference with the judgments of magistrates, but the Supreme Court itself has recently given a succession of verdicts against the Government which remind one of the opposition which Hitler found amongst his judges. How long the Bench can retain this freedom from political influence is a matter of conjecture; but it is clear that the best elements in the Judiciary will fight hard to retain its high standard of integrity, even though the same independent spirit is not as obvious amongst the magistrates.

Today, however, it is obvious that, with the Nationalist Party firmly in the saddle and intent not only on denying all rights to the Non-European but on suppressing any individual or organisation which agitates for such rights, the main conflict ahead is that with the Non-European himself. As is commonly the case amongst an under-developed people, the standard of organisation has not been high: leaders have quickly grown away from the people whom they represent, and financial organisation has been extremely weak. Only two years ago, the divisions within the Non-Europeans themselves led to constant jealousies and (as in Durban) conflict. Over the last two years the Nationalist Government has achieved what Non-European leaders have failed to do in half a century. It has driven all sections of the non-European communities together into one unified national opposition. There are still many ideological differences between them, and a variety of organisations represent their opinions. They are also divided by the difficulty of national organisation across the wide spaces which separate the main centres of population; but all their organisations are united on the one issue of determined opposition to Nationalist policy. There is a danger, which some of their leaders see, of this opposition developing into an united anti-White nationalism. After the disillusionments of the last two years, and the failure of Smuts to give them the opportunity for any real progress, all the bridges between European and Non-European are now down, and there is little contact or confidence with even the European liberals. The leaders want equality, but the opposition of the Europeans may lead them to aim at supremacy.

All sections of the Non-European peoples reject absolutely even the more constructive aspects of Nationalist theory. They claim that they have helped to build the present-day South Africa and that they intend to enjoy a just share of the fruits of their labour. They firmly believe that the academic arguments of the Nationalists are simply camouflage to hide the real policy of developing the *baaskap* of the White man, and they point out that not only do all the actions of the Government show their one-sided application of their theory, but that such organisations as the Transkeian Bunga, the Native Council of the Transkeian Reserve, is still under European control and still depends upon a European staff, while the separate amenities into which all Non-Europeans are forced by the segregation policy are equally under the control of the White man.

The South African Non-European is undoubtedly affected by the revolt against the Europeans now taking place in Asia, and he looks increasingly to India as the main champion of his cause. Even the more moderate organisations, such as the Native Representative Council and the Coloured Advisory Council, have refused to co-operate with the Government, while such rival organi-a-

tions as the African National Congress and the All-African Convention are solid on the policy of non-co-operation. On June 26 the main organisations in the country unitedly organised their first national political strike, which taught thousands of Non-Europeans for the first time their power in the State. As they have no supply of arms, this is likely to be the main tactic of opposition, and it can be expected that, as it develops, the methods used to suppress such passive resistance will become increasingly brutal.

Whether from the point of view of morality or of expediency, the British Government cannot afford to look idly on at this rapidly developing conflict. If we hold as firmly to the principles of the United Nations as Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin would have us believe, we cannot afford to neglect the fact that every one of the clauses of the Charter of Human Rights is daily being defied in one of the Dominions.

If the Government is serious in its policy of Colonial trusteeship, and if it has any concern for the strength of Commonwealth defence, it must realise that to-day's events in South Africa are disturbing the whole of the colonial world and at the same time are leading to near civil war in one of the most important strategic areas of our defensive system. The Non-Europeans in South Africa have almost despaired of any sympathy from the British Government. If Britain is to retain any hope of that co-operation with Non-Europeans which is essential to a progressive colonial policy and to the preservation of our inter-racial Commonwealth, the British Government must make it absolutely plain to the world that we utterly reject racial discrimination wherever it may occur.

JOHN HATCH

So They Say . . .

THE outstanding point of comment by the Press on the Prime Minister's statement to the House on Tuesday was the lack of any specific guarantee concerning the use of the atom bomb. *The Times* and the *News Chronicle* political correspondents assumed that what Mr. Attlee meant was that he had successfully pressed his point of view upon Mr. Truman, although, like the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Chronicle* editorially asked for a flat statement to this effect. The *Daily Express* and *Daily Herald* respectively told their readers that Mr. Attlee had received a "firm promise," and was "completely satisfied," but the *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Mail* expressed great concern at the seeming lack of agreement.

This attitude of uncertainty on the part of the press contrasts strikingly with its attitude to the Washington communiqué last week. On Saturday, headline readers could scarcely have realised that there were any Anglo-American differences left unsettled. Of the 28 main and subsidiary headlines in the ten national dailies, only two did not radiate agreement—the banner heading in the *Daily Worker*: TRUMAN WILL NOT RULE OUT BOMB, and a minor sub-headline in the *News Chronicle*: DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ON ADMITTING CHINA TO U.N.

Home Front

It is reassuring, in these times of stress, to note the selfless and self-sacrificing spirit with which the Conservative press have once again decided that the Conservatives must put nation above party, resolutely abjure all thoughts of a certain victory at the polls, and gracefully accept a coalition. This latest campaign of wishful thinking actually began before Mr. Attlee left for America, when the *Daily Telegraph*'s "Peterborough" reported innocently on December 1 that "an unusual idea is being informally discussed—I stress informally—in some political quarters. It is that Mr. Eden should accompany Mr. Attlee to Washington . . ."

By last Thursday, as the Prime Minister began his talks with President Truman, the *Daily Mail* was already earnestly pointing out that "we are British first and Socialists, Conservatives or Liberals afterwards. We must, as we have done before, put nation above party." And by Sunday, as Mr. Attlee began his journey home to report to the nation, the chorus reached its climax, with the Kemsley press pulling out its most sonorous diapason stop.

"Can we . . afford any longer the disadvantages of Party government?" asked the *Sunday Times*. "The division is not between the two main parties but between those who realise what is happening in the world and those who hide their eyes from it. Coalition before a general election would be a big sacrifice for the Conservatives now. But somehow . . the Government's base should be broadened . . ."

"STOP THIS PLAYING WITH FATE!" was the headline on W. J. Brown's article in the *Sunday Graphic*, and the sub-heading read: "We cannot afford to put Party interests first—and waste some of the best brains in Britain . . ." The *Sunday Despatch* political commentator thought that "Mr. Attlee is surely sufficiently patriotic and statesmanlike" to see that what he really needs behind him is a coalition. He went on to say that "it is difficult to see how the Conservatives could refuse," and added that "by the same token the Tories would, of course, in the event of their electoral victory, invite Socialists of the Attlee persuasion into a coalition."

Cross-Bencher in the *Sunday Express* had, however, the most interesting news, that "Now, as their Utopia topples, the Socialists start to scurry for cover. And the cover many of them look for is that of coalition with the Tories." His reason was that the Socialist leaders "dare not face the people at the polls." But on Monday the *Daily Graphic*, loyally supporting the campaign of its stable-mate, the *Sunday Times*, for a National Government, gave one reason, at least, for the Opposition absorption with this topic: "Conservatives would lose by joining a Government of national unity . . but the nation's good comes first. Coalition might split the Socialists. A section might elect to go into opposition . . ."

It must not be thought that Fleet Street's support for coalition finds no echo in the country. Consider, for instance, the item reported in Monday's *Daily Worker*:

> A *Daily Worker* reader left some posters for display by [Devon and Exeter Poster Services, Ltd.] which read: "Must there be another world war? We can—we must—stop it! The Second World Peace Congress shows the way! Read about it in the *Daily Worker*!" He received the following reply: "Dear Sir, . . . Will you please note that these can only be posted if the bill is amended to read as under: "Must there be another world war? We can—we must—stop it! by forming a National Non-party Government . . ."

AUTOLYCUS

My Shaw Postcards

IN his latter years, especially, Bernard Shaw adopted two methods of dealing with his less voluminous correspondence. Either he sent you one of his famous postcards, or he returned your own letter annotated in his carefully neat handwriting, usually in red ink. The more blank space you left under your own communication, the more lengthy the Shavian note was likely to be—a fact which I soon learned and acted on.

Let me say at the outset that my epistolary relations with Shaw were of no world-shaking character. Some might even consider them trivial. The fact is that, although technically no grammarian, I have always been fiercely critical of bad English—or what I considered to be bad English. I also believe that Shaw wrote our language as correctly as it is ever likely to be written. Nevertheless, I detected little slips in his prose now and again; jealous for his reputation, and in no spirit of carping criticism, I told him about them.

Did I, in so doing, bring down on my diminished head Shavian thunders? Or was I loftily ignored? Neither! In complete refutation of those who maintain that Shaw was compounded of vanity, I am able to say that, far from resenting my verbal sniping, he invariably welcomed it and thanked me for it. No one, in short, was ever less touchy than he on such matters.

My first postcard from Shaw is dated 17th July, 1921, and my last 10th March, 1949, when he was 93 years old. When *Back to Methuselah* appeared in volume form, I queried the use by one of its *dramatis personæ* of the phrase "different to," which I felt ought to be "different from." He replied:

> I am obliged to you for the correction. In my own person I write—or think it correct to write—"different from"; and I certainly think Franklyn Barnabas would have been equally particular; but the fact that I overlooked his slip shows how very familiar "different to" is.

This note was signed in full: G. Bernard Shaw.

Between the receipt of that postcard and last year, I made a point of reading Shaw's books on the day of publication, and promptly mailing him a list of what I believed to be corrections of the text. In reply he would usually send a postcard, sometimes a portrait postcard. A typical note on one such card (signed, by the way, by Shaw himself and the photographer) reads:

> Many thanks for the corrections. Such lists are most useful to me. They have all gone to the printer.

How many lesser men would have accepted correction so amiably?

Once or twice, I was able to point out positive

"bloomers" in his text, which Shaw (I am proud to say) rewrote as a result of my remonstrances. Readers of the volume of plays which includes *Geneva*, *Cymbeline Refinished* and *Good King Charles*, have only to compare pages 21 and 25 in the first and second editions to discover the effects of my criticism. Shaw's postcard on this occasion ran:

Dear Mr. Laing,

I am much indebted to you for the corrections, and have rewritten the passages you criticise [*sic*] to an extent which makes your copy a distinct first edition.—G. BERNARD SHAW.

To emphasise the usefulness of my post-publication "proof" reading, another little note ends "Many many thanks for your scrutiny."

But the prize item in my collection of Shavian autographs is a postcard showing, on one side, his portrait in billycock hat and plaid cloak, and on the other, written in his own hand:

Mr. Allan Laing
is hereby appointed Honorary
Proof Reader
to
G. Bernard Shaw
Ayot Saint Lawrence,
4th March,
1949

Among the many other postcards, letters and red ink notes I have received from G.B.S., I select two as being perhaps the most characteristic. They both deal with grammatical points. The first is an answer to a query as to the accuracy of an interviewer who made him say "like" instead of "as." He wrote:

I never use "like" instead of "as" or "just as"; but I ought to, as it is less ambiguous, more striking, and perfectly good English. "Like quills do on the fretful porcupine" is really better than "Like quills upon, etc., etc." The objection to it is that it sets up a presumption that the utterer or writer is no gentleman: an objection none the less snobbish because it is generally well founded.—G.B.S. 2.8.33.

The second note (written in red ink at the bottom of my own letter) is a similar grammatical point. I queried the "slip" of the Dauphin in *Saint Joan* in saying "Let you and I mind our own business." Shaw this time did not agree with me. His note ran:

"You and me" is so often spoken incorrectly that it produces an effect of vulgarity even when it is correct. "You and I" is so often spoken correctly that it sounds right even when it is in the accusative. The Dauphin thinks so. You think so. I think so. None of us would dream of saying "Let I mind my own business" but only by a violent effort to be pedantically grammatical can we make ourselves say "Let you and me mind our own business." Yet we always say "Let us" and not "Let we."

There was no "slip" in the business. The Dauphin says just what he would have said if he had spoken English though he would certainly not have said "Que vous et je" instead of "Que vous et moi."

Dozens of people write to me about it. I wish they wouldn't.—G. BERNARD SHAW. 20.9.41.

Having regard to the *cri de coeur* in the last sentence, I did not pursue the argument further; but I was, and still remain, unconvinced.

A couple of years ago, I was editing a little anthology, *In Praise of Bernard Shaw*, which, during its preparation, elicited several notes and postcards from Shaw. I asked him, for example, if he could let me have some photographs of himself for reproduction, and he, after directing me to a more promising source, added:

But no photograph can live up to your anthology. None of them suggests either an angel or a god. Better not illustrate.

As soon as the typescript of my little book was ready, I sent it to him for his comment, and he wrote on the flyleaf:

I have read these noble tributes with great delight. Not because they glorify me (I know the animal too well), but because they prove how generously English men of letters can admire one another.

What art other than Literature could give such a heartening display?

Later on, he wrote on the cover of the page proofs:

It is not for me to correct this proof: I am not the author.

I did not know there was so much kindness in the world.

I dare not pretend to deserve it; but I like it tremendously.—G.B.S. 8.2.1948.

In July, 1949, an American student, privileged (or condemned) to write a thesis on Shaw's verse, wrote asking me to find out from Shaw whether certain lines of verse in his works were original or quoted. With his usual good nature, G.B.S. obliged, writing opposite one stanza "Horrible doggrell" (his own spelling), and adding at the foot of my letter:

These rags of rubbish are not worth collecting.

Better verses are to be found; but I have no time to bother about them.

Idler fans must do the browsing
I must work at something rousing.

I am indebted for this couplet, no doubt, to the fact that at that time Shaw was working on his Ayot Saint Lawrence keepsake, consisting of photographs taken by himself, captioned with rhymed couplets, also by himself. A friend who called on him about that time reported that the house was littered with rhymed couplets.

I have other autographs from the Grand Old Man, but the above are possibly the most interesting. As for those bluntly scarifying postcards which have annoyed so many unthinking, thin-skinned correspondents, I have had, in the course of thirty years, only one which made me wince. In it I was "told off" in no uncertain terms for a piece of typographic carelessness which, if the reader does not mind, I shall keep to myself.

New books by Bernard Shaw have yet to appear; but, alas! my scrutiny of their text and my report of errors overlooked will no longer bring me the prompt postcard signed in a handwriting ever more shaky: G. Bernard Shaw.

ALLAN M. LAING

To avoid disappointment place a definite order for THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION with your newsagent, or become a direct postal subscriber. Particulars on page 636. Next week's issue December 23rd includes Caliban's
CHRISTMAS DIVERSIONS

The Arts and Entertainment

CHANGES AT COVENT GARDEN

ARE things really on the mend at Covent Garden? A week which brings us Victoria de los Angeles and Erich Kleiber, even though they are both "guests," is bound to encourage hope. And the cheers which swept round the house when Dr. Kleiber made his first appearance were more than a welcome to a distinguished visitor; they sounded uncommonly like the cheers of a beleaguered garrison at the sight of the rescuing force. Dr. Kleiber is a highly distinguished conductor; but he has never played a large part in English musical life. The preliminary applause, therefore, was an admission, not in the least "tacit," that our operatic affairs have for long been in a bad way; and that what we most need is the guidance of a first-rate conductor who is also an experienced man of the theatre. By the end of the first act of *Der Rosenkavalier*, few people can have been left in doubt of Dr. Kleiber's quality.

It is fair to point out that, before his arrival, the orchestral playing had already shown an advance this season. Certain sections seem to have been strengthened; and under Warwick Braithwaite there has been some warm and vivid playing in *Tosca* and *Manon*. But not for a long time, not since Roger Desormière came over to conduct *Pelléas et Mélisande*, have we heard at Covent Garden orchestral tone so smooth and rounded, or an ensemble so consistently easy and unruffled, as in this restudied *Rosenkavalier*. There is still a want of sheer weight and sumptuousness in certain of the great climaxes, notably the Presentation of the Rose, and the entry of the Marschallin in the last act; and I wish Dr. Kleiber would persuade the first oboe to phrase the often recurring theme of the silver rose with a more softly rounded contour in the opening triplet. But, by and large, this is the kind of sound, and this the rhythm, which Strauss surely intended. In a score commonly regarded as heavy, the lightness and clarity of the orchestral texture enabled us to enjoy innumerable fine points of detail which are usually muddled or lost. Still more important was the effect on the singers. There are fewer conductors now than formerly who possess an affectionate understanding of the voice; the whole tendency of modern music, as of modern high-tension concert-hall conducting, points in the contrary direction. But Dr. Kleiber, though a famous exponent of modern music, belongs also to the tradition of Nikisch, Harty, Walter, Weingartner and Strauss himself (to name five conductors who have all excelled as song accompanists); he never lathers his orchestra into a voice-drowning frenzy.

No one benefited more from the new lightness and flexibility of the orchestral playing than Sylvia Fisher. Since she first sang the role of the Marschallin, she has progressed amazingly; and her performance is now, both vocally and dramatically, most distinguished. She handles the complicated stage business with finesse and composure, and her attractively poised soprano tone commands many fine shades of tenderness, humour and resignation. Most remarkable of all is the clarity of her enunciation, achieved without distortion of the vocal line; she treats the English text, not as so many particles of necessary information, but as something to be turned to aesthetic account. The result is that we find ourselves savouring her beautifully inflected phrases for their own sake, almost as we can savour those of a fine performance in the original language. When this rare result is achieved in many operas, such as *Manon*, it is frankly impossible), the policy of opera in English is justified on quite another plane from that of the crude utilitarian arguments usually advanced in its favour. If not yet on Miss Fisher's level, Howell Glynne has also improved his Baron Ochs out

of recognition. Uta Graf, a newcomer, hardly suggested at first the radiant ingenuousness and innocence of Sophie; but in the Trio her strong, clear voice told well. Constance Shacklock has always made a spirited and convincing Octavian, but she must beware of overdoing her tipsy, whining *Sprechgesang* in the last act; a glass or two of the Baron's wine is not enough to turn Mariandel into Pierrot Lunaire!

Like Hamlet confronted with assurance of partial reform, the critic cannot rest content; his cry must be: "O reform it altogether!" Immensely improved as our *Rosenkavalier* now is, there remain many details which demand to be put right. The same old Faninal! On that score, protest seems unavailing; but the fussiness of the Duenna is altogether excessive, and could easily be remedied. The three noble orphans, at the Marschallin's levée, should be shrill only on their initial phrase; thereafter, musical. A whole host of blunders spoils the effect intended by that charming invention of Hofmannsthal's, the Marschallin's little black page. To begin with, he is far too big (believe it or not, the same height as his mistress). He ought, as the libretto directs, to be "dressed in yellow, and hung with silver jingles," since it is the delicate tintinnabulation of these which we hear in the orchestra as he approaches with the breakfast. That he should be made, in the breakfast scene, to give a sly leer of complicity, is a piece of rank bad taste; and that he should be allowed to enter, at the very end of the opera, just *before* the disappearance of Sophie and Octavian, is plainly absurd—since he has been sent back to look for the handkerchief which she has dropped. Such details were once scarcely worth mentioning; now, they are beginning to stand out.

The Manon of Victoria de los Angeles I found wholly captivating, if not wholly authentic. She is a singer who effortlessly projects into the middle of the house her seductive voice, so various in colour, and her charming, spontaneous personality. Nothing that she does fails to make its effect; and even when the effects are not precisely those of Massenet, I find her heresies more interesting than the orthodoxy of others. That she is often more *Madrilène* than *Parisienne* would hardly be denied by her warmest admirer; yet what French soprano, in recent years, has sung the Gavotte with such purity and grace. Her French accent (for she was allowed to use the original text) may be imperfect; but who can put more life and colour into so simple a phrase as "On m'appelle Manon"? Des Grieux is vocally one of Walter Midgeley's best parts; and the rest of the performance, though the Lescaut of Geraint Evans remains a weak point, has become thoroughly acceptable. Or, to be more accurate, as acceptable as *Manon* nine-tenths in English can ever be.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

THERE are four entirely separate exhibitions at Burlington House this winter, thrown together in a great hurry after the breakdown of negotiations over the proposed exhibition of German art. These are: Holbein and his followers in England; Gallery III with pictures of the Venetian and Flemish sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; Gallery IV with Raphael and Michelangelo drawings from Windsor; and three rooms of the Seicento. I propose in this article to discuss only Room III and the Seicento rooms, and to leave the rest until next week. Every allowance must be made, when criticising these exhibitions, for the "serious difficulties" that, according to Sir Gerald Kelly in the preface to the catalogue, have been constantly arising since the German scheme was first mooted. These are far from being the delicately balanced, representative shows that the scholar with his tidy categories hoped for. The general impression is scrappy. The walls, particularly in the Seicento rooms, where tune and controversy appear to have won an unhappy victory over the organisers, are filled out with weak rectangles of canvas. But on the whole the scrappiness has been skilfully camouflaged by masterpieces. Wherever the high standard that the selection committee set itself threatened to decline, the breach was filled with a series of fantastic drawings from the Royal Library. These drawings, the many original Holbein paintings, and Room III have saved the exhibitions from disaster.

The pictures in Room III, the finest group in Burlington House, are of interest either because they have been recently cleaned, or because they have languished in English private collections and have not been seen on exhibition for a number of years. We try to approach them with fresh eyes. The only picture that can be reasonably claimed for Giorgione is the mutilated canvas from Glasgow (214). The Alnwick portrait (233), catalogued as Titian or Giorgione, cannot be by either; I believe that its cumbersome placing in the rectangle is due to cutting on the right and perhaps also below. The beautiful Titian portrait lent by the Earl of Halifax (213) has suffered a similar but more easily remediable wound: it has been enlarged all round, so that it is impossible to appreciate the calculated relationship between the contours of the figure and its frame. Those who have too hastily denied to Titian the ravishing little *Rest on the Flight* from Longleat (218) will have to revise their opinion on seeing it again after its recent cleaning. The Hampton Court *Lucretia* (224) has also had aspersions cast upon it, but the operation performed on it by the removal of accretions and the grafting—a triumph of plastic surgery—of new toes on to a new canvas, has restored some of its glory. It used to be a surprise and a pleasure to see a clean picture, but cleaning has become so normal that now we pick out grime. Titian's *Allegory of Prudence* (209), Palma's *Lady with a Lute* (215), and the Bordone from Chatsworth (234), conspicuous for their coats of dirt and varnish, would profit from thoughtful restoration. The *Francis I* lent by the Earl of Harewood (211) is, like the *Paul III and His Nephews* in Naples, just an idea for a portrait: Titian is here playing about with the position of the right arm in his mind. The *Death of Actaeon* from the same source (210) is a great landscape of Titian's old age. It forms, with its calm absorption in the magical forest, a disquieting contrast to the *Esther and Ahasuerus* from Hampton Court (212) hanging near by, painted in Tintoretto's youth, now visible for the first time after treatment in the restorer's studio. Like Van Dyck's and Cezanne's first experimental subject pictures, the *Esther* is far removed from the accepted idea of what an "old master" ought to look like. The hostility to cleaning is the reluctance on the part of sentimentalists to abandon this concept. Two pictures have suffered badly: the Veronese fragment from Dulwich (232) and the so-called Palma *Temperance* from the Diploma Gallery (216). The former, a distinguished wreck, is still well preserved in the donor's head; the latter does not deserve to hang in this company.

Of the Flemish pictures the most spectacular is Lord Methuen's Van Dyck (229) which has proved on cleaning to be in an excellent state of preservation. At Corsham before restoration it was only possible to guess at the brilliance of the handling. The two Rubenses from Dulwich (226 and 227) now glow after years of tender nursing. Two of Van Dyck's full-length portraits stand sentinel at the corners: one of the first Earl of Strafford (223), too dirty, is an intriguing ghost; the other of the tenth Earl of Northumberland (217) shows the painter and his sitter at their most grandiose.

The three Seicento rooms are the least satisfactory in the whole building. Scholars and restorers have done what they could in the time under most distressing circumstances, but one cannot help wondering whether it would not have been more sensible to have postponed the holding of a Seicento exhibition altogether until more and better examples from this period had been brought to light. It was asking too much of anyone to map this jungle in a few weeks: even after eighteen months wide areas would still have remained unexplored. Research in English col-

Going Going . . . . .

Time is getting short. Only 10 days remain until Christmas and soon our special offer will be closed. So hurry please!

Since we announced the revival of our twenty-seven-year-old custom of inviting readers to combine their Christmas gifts with helping us to find new readers our subscription department has been hard at work keeping pace with readers who took time by the forelock.

Here is our offer: we will send THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for six months (26 weeks) to any reader's friends (at home or abroad) *who are not already buying the paper*, at the very special rate of FIVE SHILLINGS. We will bear the difference between this and the usual charge of 16*s.* 3*d.* Each recipient of such a gift subscription will be notified and informed of the name of the donor. The recipient is under no obligation to continue after the gift subscription expires.

So we invite you to think of all the friends who, as far as you know, do not read the paper, and give an "acquaintance subscription" to each. Please include as many overseas friends as possible.

Readers of all shades of political opinion find our leading articles and foreign despatches informative and stimulating. But you may think of many friends to whom the literary articles, book reviews, the criticism of the arts, theatre, films and radio and the famous week-end competitions will make a greater appeal. So whatever your friends' inclinations, list their names and send them to us with your remittance There is only one condition, that, so far as you know, *the recipient must not be already buying the paper*. There is no limit to the number of names you may send, nor need they be sent on the form below. A letter saying that you accept the condition of the offer is all that is necessary.

North American readers may send One Dollar on each Gift Subscription direct to our New York Agent, British Publications Inc., 150 East 35th Street New York 16

To NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

I agree to the terms of your Christmas Offer and enclose £.... ..s. for .... six-monthly Gift Subscriptions at FIVE SHILLINGS each.

DONOR'S NAME & ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

Gift Subscriptions to be addressed to:

1. .....

.....

2. .....

.....

3. .....

.....

4. .....

.....

5. .....

.....

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

lections is still in its adolescent stages. Country houses conceal in store rooms and dark corridors Seicento pictures that would, when studied by the few who know and placed in the hands of the few responsible restorers, turn out to be more important than Miss Evans's *St. John the Baptist* (405) or the Giovanni de San Giovanni from Kedleston (371) or the two still-lifes of fish lent by the Duke of San Lucar La Mayor (366 and 372). Whatever happens scholarship will continue, but unfortunately Burlington House is the only gallery in London where the results of scholarship can be put to the test. It would be disastrous if from this incomplete show Royal Academicians should decide that the Seicento, which for decades has been esteemed on the Continent, was just another passing fashion. But if they are encouraged to turn over to scholars the organisation of a second show in a few years' time, then this sad confusion will have served some limited purpose.

Meanwhile it would be ungenerous not to be grateful for the many splendid pictures and drawings on view: for the Domenichino, Castiglione, Bernini and the Guercino drawings from Windsor; for all the Strozzis, particularly the little early sketch from the Ashmolean (327); for Count Seilern's perfect Fetti (303); for the only known Caravaggio in England outside the National Gallery (323); for the rediscovered Domenichino from Chatsworth (330); and for the three stupendous Salvator Rosas lent by Lord Methuen, Colnaghi's and Lady Catherine Ashburnham (320, 322, 406). Rosa is generally regarded as a romantic savage: these three landscapes should help to establish the truth that at his best he is a great classical artist.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

RADIO NOTES

For months, it seems now, teams of B.B.C. reporters with their recording gear have been ranging over the earth canning their impressions for our edification; most recent of all to report, though their findings took four weekly programmes of three-quarters of an hour each to complete, Miss Marjorie Banks and Mr. Edward Ward in the United States. Their assignment was both the most important and the most difficult since Anglo-American relations are complicated by a multitude of emotional stresses that are absent from the relationship between either side and any other people in the world. It is significant, for instance, that Mr. Ward should have referred in his final programme to the letters he had had from listeners who violently disagreed with his picture of the United States as a country of enormous material prosperity. Doubtless the reaction of these listeners was an emotional one; and yet it does point to a main criticism of *The American People*. There were times when it did seem that Miss Banks and Mr. Ward were being altogether too much impressed by the fact that every American they met had a car, a refrigerator and a washing machine, as though the possession of such delightful mechanisms was the be-all and end-all of existence. And here, it seemed to me, they were less than fair to the American scene. The impression they gave us was very much that one gets from the advertisement pages of, say, the *Saturday Evening Post*, which is true as far as it goes but needs something added before it is anything like the whole truth about America. I do not mean the race-problem or the poor-white poverty of the Deep South. I mean precisely what they left out of their interesting account of Chicago, that it has, for instance, four universities, one of them among the greatest in the world, a municipal art gallery breath-taking in the opulence of its treasures, a great orchestra, and so on. What we got, indeed, was largely a statistical view of America. There were exceptions, of course; and then one's interest was aroused, by the recordings of life in North Carolina, for instance, the tobacco auctions and the rich laugh of a Negro woman share-cropper. For the rest, one might as well have gone to see almost any Hollywood film, for, whatever else it may do, the American film does reflect the material surface of American life with uncritical fidelity.

Mr. Heppenstall's dramatic feature, *The Battle for St. David's*, took us most successfully into territory that must have been quite unknown to more than one listener in a thousand: the struggle of Giraldus Cambrensis, in the reign of King John, to get himself appointed Bishop of St. David's and to secure from the Pope recognition of the seniority of that see to Canterbury. How dull it might have been. But Mr. Heppenstall gave his fragment of medieval Welsh history real dramatic shape and tension and, without in any way plugging them, made us conscious of parallels between his story and events in our own time. There were many delightful things in the programme, and it was good to hear indubitably Welsh voices. The acting was good throughout, that of Mr. Hugh Griffith, as Giraldus, and Mr. Alan Wheatley, as the fascinating Pope Innocent III (who almost stole the programme), outstanding; while Miss Rachel Thomas gave a most charming study of an old countrywoman.

In an ideal world, of course, one would be able to switch on the Third at any time and hear Mr. E. M. Forster talking. Since one cannot, one is the more grateful for the rare occasions when he does broadcast. To praise his Aldeburgh lecture on Skelton would be impertinent. As ever, it illuminated its subject in the most seemingly effortless way and reminded us again that for Mr. Forster as for Sterne, "Writing, when properly managed, is but a different name for conversation."

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"All About Eve," at the Gaumont
"King Solomon's Mines," at the Empire
"The Flying Saucer," at Monseigneur News Theatre

Miss Bette Davis has the part of her life (or at least one of the half-dozen parts) in *All About Eve*. That alone would make it visitable. From her performance, on and off the screen for two and a quarter hours, we get the sort of pleasure that, say, Miss Edith Evans could give us in *Daphne Laureola*: the pleasure of remarkable acting in a play that feeds generously. For one reason and another such enjoyment is commoner in the theatre. All the more, then, our delighted surprise (for she has turned up lately in some woebegone postures) to find Miss Davis once again tilted and superbly on the go.

Her ageing or beginning-to-age actress, whose stage performances we are left to imagine from her back-stage, hair-down moods, gives every opportunity for bravura. She queens it, disdainfully, in the dressing-room; the make-up coming off, the ugliness showing, only rouse her to a more extreme vitality; she'll be damned clever and silly at parties, *her* parties; she'll rage jealously, inflict on her friends horribly tense week-ends, and snatch from two-in-the-morning a babyish charm; she'll triumph and be generous, or full of dreads and sulk; she'll batter against a lover, expecting comfort; if she feels like death, by Tallulah she'll look it; she is at that turning-point of a career when young parts will make audiences go away with a "magnificent, but——" and it is high time the *chaise-longue* yielded to the four-poster. Needless to say, Miss Davis excels in every flash and wrinkle of this talented, exorbitant, warm-hearted creature; we find her as irresistible, and not a quarter as tiring, as do her friends.

But the film isn't by any means all Miss Davis; the touch to her gunpowder has been supplied by the arrival of a deceptively meek-looking aspirant in a raincoat (Anne Baxter). She is as close as the older woman is open, and working diabolically to get on, has at least so much talent. A dramatic critic—George Sanders as the smoothest exemplar of a notoriously caddish race—aids and possesses her. I don't know that either of these characters is convincing; but they engender a true enough situation, and with a playwright and a director thrown in, the talk is uninterruptedly lively. That the whole off-stage atmosphere should by degrees take on a stagier tinge, and end up with an abominably slick curtain, is perhaps inevitable. But for three-quarters of the time the drama, the gossip, and Miss Davis herself keep the tension high. *All About Eve* has been directed, and even more brilliantly written, by Joseph Mankiewicz. His *Letter to Three Wives* will be remembered sharply by those who saw it. He has obviously a stage-film talent, and an unusual insight into feminine character.

King Solomon's Mines has taken from Rider Haggard nothing except the title, the names of one or two characters, and the idea of treasure left behind by an ancient civilisation. All the excitement, romance, fun, terror and strangeness of what is one of the best adventure yarns ever written has been ruthlessly drained away, and the feeblest little love on safari put in its place. See Miss Deborah Kerr step on crocodiles and enjoy a shampoo in a mountain pool! See Mr. Stewart Granger, with a fine sneer, brushing aside jaguars and out-staring rhinos! Watch them both waiting for the necessity to jump into one another's arms—it takes bird-eating spiders, pythons, lions, forest fires, tribal dances and more than a hundred minutes of screen time to bring that about!

From one "fabulous picture" to another. The attempt to get flying saucers on the screen has resulted in some interviewing among pilots, air chief marshals, and news-editors, and other-worldly prognostication from a star-watcher with fascinating ears, plastic models of various sorts, two still photographs (in the better of which I thought I saw a small clergyman seated on a clay pigeon), and a few moments in actual newsreel of a round black blob with a halo near a cloud. It didn't seem to do anything, though appearance and behaviour (we were told) were highly characteristic; and when we waited to see how it would go away, the film left off. To be continued, let's hope, in our next.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Zaide," at Crosby Hall

Idomeneo has been made familiar by performances at Oxford and Cambridge, and on the third programme; after the Glyndebourne performance next year it may even become popular. *Zaide*, the *Singspiel* written just before the *opera seria*, is the next work Mozart revivalists should turn to. Though called unfinished, all it lacks is some spoken dialogue, an overture and a finale—and a clever composer could supply these easily from the score of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. For *Zaide*, which Mozart probably called *Das Serail*, is a kind of early sketch for *Entführung*; here too a soprano and a tenor escape from an Oriental, only to be recaptured, but finally forgiven by the Sultan. But the *denouement* is different: *Zaide* and Gomatz turn out to be the children of a high baritonic renegade in the Sultan's service, the Prince Ruggiero alias Allazim. Only Blonde and Pedrillo are missing, and most of the comedy; *Zaide* is in the main serious and sentimental. Mozart had been impressed with the melodrama he first saw in 1778. Regrettably, the two passages of melodrama in *Zaide* were omitted in the concert presentation in the Crosby Hall last week; but four competent singers (Anna Cantelo, Alexander Young, Leslie Andrews and Norman Platt) and the Kalmar Chamber Orchestra under John Pritchard gave a performance good enough to show how well worth while an occasional hearing of this work would be. *Zaide* has two beautiful arias, "Ruhe sanft, mein holdes Leben," sung while she places her portrait beside the sleeping Gomatz, and a remarkable one in G minor, dramatically recitating "Tiger!" as she chides the Sultan with the passion of Elettra and the heroism of Constanze. Gomatz has inevitably a *Bildnisarie*; but most remarkable are two ensembles, the presumably penultimate one, with four emotions running through four simultaneous lines, just inferior to the *Idomeneo* quartet; and a trio which ends the first act, in Mozart's loveliest E major 6/8 combination (compare "Placido e il mar").

A. P.

Correspondence

"POSITIONS OF STRENGTH"

SIR,—Your leading article last week surely poses an entirely false dilemma when it suggests that we must choose between a policy of military containment and a policy of building up our social and economic strength. These are not alternative or contrary policies, but twin objectives which need to be simultaneously pursued.

You argue that "military containment" is a delusion. If this is to be taken merely as meaning that it is *militarily* pointless to try to hold positions in which we are at an overwhelming disadvantage, then few will disagree. Looking back, it may have been *military* folly to resist aggression in Korea; and perhaps it would now be strategically wise to withdraw from Hong Kong, Indo-China, and other barely tenable salients. But even here a purely military argument settles nothing. There were held to be urgent political arguments for resisting the North Korean invasion, and the Allies had the support of your journal in so doing. Similarly with Hong Kong and Indo-China—there are innumerable political and diplomatic factors to be considered as well as the purely military one.

But in any event, if your argument is to be taken literally, it means much more than merely withdrawing from untenable salients. If military containment is a sheer delusion, we must presumably give up all military efforts at containing the Russians in Europe, and thus leave open the invasion routes to Yugoslavia and Western Germany. Similarly in the Far East, to give up *all* attempts at containment would mean the abandonment of Malaya as well as of South Korea. It is obvious that your conclusion needs drastic amendment if it is not to be seriously misleading.

Of course everyone agrees that our military policies and rearmament programmes must not be pressed so far as to jeopardise our social and economic recovery. But the task of statesmanship is to strike the right balance, and not surrender altogether one of the twin objectives. And there is no painless solution to be found in talk about returning to the conception of Marshall Aid. Marshall Aid had two purposes in Europe—restoration of the pre-war level of production and the achievement of a dollar balance. Both these purposes have been achieved, and it is hopeless to expect more free dollars from America merely to enable us to increase our standard of life or gold reserves still further. The only possible American aid to-day is aid specifically for rearmament purposes. The Marshall Plan conception still has a most important role to play in the Far East, but it is quite unrealistic to suppose that it can be revived in a European context.

We must surely admit that some degree of military containment is more than ever a necessity. Our task is not to abandon that policy, but to modify it and so reconcile it with the preservation of our social and economic strength.

C. A. R. CROSLAND

House of Commons.

[Mr. Crosland makes the extraordinary assumption that to repudiate the concept of "the military containment of Communism" is to deny the need for armed forces. On his own account, this is absurd. If "Communism," as such, were the enemy we should have militarily to "contain" Tito—which Mr. Crosland clearly does not desire to do. Mao is also a Communist but Mr. Crosland would agree that the American attempt to contain him by force of arms is misguided. As for Russian aggression in Western Europe, to seek an agreement to demilitarise both Zones of Germany seems a more hopeful procedure than to constitute at break-neck speed a European army including ten German divisions. Would such an army, on the American theory, be "a position of strength"? We suggest that its creation might precipitate a position of calamitous weakness such as we have just experienced in Korea.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I think your article, "Positions of Strength" in last week's issue so acutely and accurately sums up the present international situation and its appalling dangers that you should have it printed in the form of a special leaflet and distributed by the 100,000 to Trade Unions and all political organisations throughout the country. Time is short and so THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should do all in its power to bring before the people at large its excellent analysis and revelation of hard fact not seen in the daily press.

S. G. JACOBS

The Croft, Quarry Rd., Oxted.

GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—Despite the Korean crisis, Mr. Bevin has implied and Mr. Eden has emphasised the fact that it is in Western Europe that "mortal danger" lies.

Does, however, defence of this area require the *immediate* creation of a German army within an integrated Atlantic command? If so, this rules out the possibility of a European army integrated at brigade level, for the Pleven Plan demands a considerable length of time in discussion and organisation. Yet this Plan does provide the greatest security against the second danger—that of German armies staging a crusade for the recovery of the "lost territories."

"Defence in the cold war," by a study group of the R.I.I.A., denies the immediate necessity of a German contribution by stating that Russia's economic weakness and her disparity in atomic weapons reasonably prevent her, during the next two or three years, from making open war on the West. (Anyone who claims that international politics is rather decided by *irrational* impulses should notice that this situation is far more likely where war hysteria has been aroused by "provocative" rearmament on both sides, than where peace-time military conditions prevail—as they still, perhaps, do at present.)

The only threat to Western Europe, for the present, would be an attack by the East Germans, which could certainly be met by the existing Allied forces of occupation, not to speak of the help of the Federal Police.

The issue is a long-term one. Can a defence force of 50-55 divisions—the minimum figure according to the R.I.I.A. study group, which can defend Western Europe by *conventional weapons*—can this force be established by the time that Russia achieves parity in atomic weapons?

Such a defence force can surely be created within this space of two or three years under the Pleven plan, and without also raising to power the separate German military machine envisaged—except for General Staff and Commander-in-Chief—under the Atlantic Pact proposals.

Further, in conventional weapons the U.S. is expected to be able to match Soviet power by 1955—according to a report by the *Sunday Times* of November 12.

Time, therefore, is on our side, and we should do nothing rash by over-hasty rearmament of Germany—opposed, moreover, by most Germans and Frenchmen and by a considerable body in this country—which would throw away this advantage.

J. L. S. GIBLING

Dolphin Square, S.W.1.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

SIR,—Mr. W. L. Andrews and I have taken up rather a lot of your space in our discussion on the freedom of the Press, but there is this at least to be said of it: the disagreements between us now seem somewhat less than at the start, which is not always the case in public argument. I am glad we agree that a Press Council is desirable, but I must regretfully refuse Mr. Andrews' tempting invitation to set out single-handed the professional law it should administer. To do so would be excessively presumptuous on my part. But I cannot believe that it is a task beyond the competence of a committee representing all sides of the industry and not, as some employers, according to Mr. Bradley, want, one side only. The international code recommended by the sub-commission on Freedom of Information and the Press of the United Nations might provide a starting point, although I would by no means regard all of it as applicable to British conditions.

Nor ought we, in framing such a code, to overlook the classic statement of the responsibilities of the Press made by *The Times* of Delane in response to an attack by Lord Derby nearly a hundred years ago. I would draw Mr. Andrews' attention especially to two sentences from it that might have been written specifically to fit the circumstance which led to our correspondence—Mr. Hopkinson's dismissal from *Picture Post* because he considered it his editorial duty to publish a dispatch on atrocities by South Koreans. Here it is: "For us, with whom publicity and truth are the air and light of existence, there can

CLOTHING
URGENTLY NEEDED

to help children and other war victims facing another winter

"Home" for millions of refugees in several countries is still a portion of an overcrowded room or a damp air raid shelter. Your thought and action in sending clothing no longer needed would help to show these unfortunates that their sufferings are not forgotten; and would encourage the British officials, their wives and missionaries, who are doing their best.

Will you please post NOW whatever used garments and footwear you can spare for men, women, children and babies to ***OXFORD STATERELIEF, c o DAVIES, TURNER & CO., BOURNE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.*** Do not wait to repair garments. (Maximum 15lbs. each parcel, to comply with British postal regulations.) In order that the Chairman may acknowledge safe receipt, please enclose your name and address inside each parcel.

OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR FAMINE RELIEF

(Regd. War Charities Act, 1940)

Supporters include Lord Boyd-Orr, Lord Lindsay, Lord Pakenham, National Union of Mineworkers, Sir Alan Pim (Hon. Treasurer).

We have sufficient money to send 750,000 garments—thanks to the generous public response to the P.B.C. Broadcast appeal by Dr. Gilbert Murray.

BP PLAYS A BIG PART

IN BRITISH PROGRESS

Back-room experiments by Anglo-Iranian scientists yield front-page results—for instance, research helped to increase refinery output, which in turn HELPED TO END PETROL RATIONING in Britain.

The pilot plant shown above is a whole installation in miniature. New methods of processing oil are tested and proved in the laboratory before being put in production. BP research is now working to hasten the day when you can get the Better Petrol of your choice.

The vast resources of **ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD.** are behind the BP trade-mark—ever guarantee of Better Performance when Better Petrol can be made again.

be no greater disgrace than to recoil from the frank and accurate disclosure of facts as they are. We are bound to tell the truth as we find it without fear of consequences—to lend no convenient shelter to acts of injustice and oppression, but to consign them *at once* to the judgment of the world."

42, Gordon Square, FRANCIS WILLIAMS
London, W.C.1.

RICHARD SORGE

SIR,—In his note on Mr. Gunther Stein "Critic" mentions the case of Richard Sorge, the German journalist in Tokyo who was running a Soviet spy ring during the last war and was arrested by the Japanese and executed in 1941. "Critic" believes that Sorge was the Japanese correspondent of the official Nazi news agency. This is not so. His story, which was never fully revealed in this country, is rather more complicated.

Richard Sorge was the grandson of Karl Marx's secretary, and an active Communist since the early twenties. After editing for a while a Communist paper in Western Germany, he was attached to the foreign intelligence service of the Third International and worked for it in Scandinavia and Turkey. Having been found out and served a prison sentence there, he was sent, this time by the Soviet Communist Party, to the Far East. His cover there was not the Nazi news agency but the respectable *Frankfurter Zeitung* whose correspondent he was since about 1931. According to all accounts he was a brilliant and singularly well informed journalist who made no secret of his contempt for Hitler, a heavy drinker, a massive and cynical conversationalist who cloaked his tireless and dangerous activity as a Soviet agent with the outwardly irresponsible and erratic behaviour of a bohemian. Many of his despatches to the Frankfurt paper during the war remained unpublished because of the scathing comment on German and Japanese policy they contained.

Sorge was undoubtedly a master-spy. Because of his unrivalled knowledge of Japan he was often consulted by the German Ambassador with whom he was on friendly terms. In order to assist him financially, General Ott, the Ambassador, charged him with editing a small daily news bulletin for the information of the German colony in Japan which was in fact a digest of the material put out by the Nazi agency. He was a Nazi Party member, and not even the Tokyo Gestapo chief, Meissinger, suspected his true background. They thought him clever, useful, and "crazy." In fact, as American military intelligence has since revealed, he was probably the best agent the Soviet Union has ever had in the Far East. He was cheap, too. His entire spy ring cost the Kremlin less than the salary of one military attaché, and it produced infinitely more material.

Sorge's contact man was Hozumi Osaki, who succeeded in becoming, three times running, one of the closest assistants of Prince Konoye while he was Japanese Premier. It was over Osaki that Sorge finally stumbled and fell in genuine crime magazine fashion. A Japanese Soviet agent in California, who was running a boarding house as a cover, was instructed to withdraw from work in America and act as courier for the Sorge-Osaki group. Carrying out this instruction to the letter, she turned away from her person a fellow-Japanese who had formerly worked with her, explaining that she had abandoned Communism. This man, believing her to be a genuine traitor to the cause, pursued her with his hatred. Having returned to Tokyo, he accidentally saw her in the street, and when a few days later he was arrested by the Japanese Secret police and pressed for names of accomplices, denounced her. The woman from California was arrested, and secret instructions for Osaki were found in her possession. Osaki was thereupon watched, and this led to Sorge and other members of the ring. On October 17, 1941, the whole group was arrested by the Japanese. There is no doubt that Sorge was executed. One of his assistants, named Clausen, managed to escape to Russia.

The case was thoroughly investigated by the Americans after the surrender of Japan when they seized the archives of the Japanese Secret Police; but the story was never, as far as I am aware, fully told by them. It is, however, given in great detail in Dr. Erich Kordt's new book *Nicht aus den Akten*, recently published. Dr. Kordt, brother of Theo Kordt who was German charge d'affaires in London at the outbreak of war, was German Minister in Tokyo at the time and he claims to have been told many of the details by American Intelligence officers who picked him up in Shanghai and flew him to the United States and later back to Germany. His story makes sense.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

20 Wimbledon Close, S.W.20.

SPAIN

SIR,—*A propos* Mr. Basil Davidson's article "Spanish Journey" which appears in your issue of December 2, I feel that this sort of thing is quite easy to write either about Spain or about any other country. If I were a foreign correspondent living in London, I could easily compile an impressive list of hardships and injustices suffered by our fellow-countrymen: indeed, for a start, all I should have to do would be to begin my diatribe with a summary (plus appropriate generalisations) of the article published in the same issue of your paper about the Hanky Park slums at Salford and fill up with extracts from, say, *Our Towns, a Close-up*. Yet the resultant picture would be only partially true.

Mr. Davidson refers to the slums of Vallecas: I don't know whether when he was there he visited the social and occupational training centre which has been set up there by the Assumptionist Fathers out of voluntary contributions, or the day nursery for the children of working women which is run by young women from well-to-do families. There are a number of such establishments in the poor quarters of the capital and the conditions there, which Mr. Davidson rightly criticises, would be much worse if these welfare schemes were not in operation. Hence any description of social conditions in these areas is incomplete which contains no reference to the work of these voluntary organisations or to the State-controlled health services introduced by the Franco regime.

There is another point which I should like to raise, which is that of Mr. Davidson's implied reproof of the Spanish Government for having allowed their country's economy to go to rack and ruin. The fact is—to take two outstanding instances of their difficulties—that they have not sufficient capital adequately to reorganise the railway system, while their long-term electrification schemes, which, in the opinion of British electrical engineers working here, are well conceived and reasonably well executed, have been stultified for the past four years (their critical period) by the continuous drought. Moreover, outside financial assistance has hitherto—I am leaving out of account the recent American loan to Spain because it is apparently still in the planning stage—been entirely lacking, and we have only to consider what our own position would have been without Marshall Aid, to realise that Spain has been contending with difficulties which should make us sympathise with her predicament rather than adopt a "snooty" attitude.

ALAN WALKER

Espanoleto, 21, Madrid.

RAW MATERIALS

SIR,—In your issue of December 2 you say:—

> "Already speculative American stockpiling of raw materials has created a world inflation."

A few lines lower down you say:

> "If, owing to Republican reluctance to foot the bill for full-scale rearmament, the bubble bursts and price collapse our balance of payments will disappear overnight . . ."

Are you not trying to a really inordinate extent to have your cake and eat it? Anyone can see the disadvantages which flow from American stockpiling and those which might come from them abandoning this policy. But in either case there is a compensating gain which it would surely be right to point out. The failure to do so is only likely to lead people to suppose that you have an anti-American bias so strong that, whatever course they pursue, you are bound to carp.

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

12 Catherine Place,
London, S.W.1.

We were not carping, but merely pointing out that, on the swings and roundabouts of American "boom and bust" economics, Britain is apt always to be a net loser.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SLUMS

SIR,—John Townsend, in "Slum Survival," is mistaken when he speaks of Salford's problem as the most difficult in the country. The slums of Clydeside are of an extent unknown in England and Wales, and, indeed, the degree of overcrowding in Scottish towns and cities in general exceeds anything known in the rest of the country. In the housing survey of 1935 the percentage of families overcrowded in Scotland was 22.6, in England and Wales it was 3.8. In the twenty-four large Scottish Burghs, the percentage ranged from 11.3 in the best (Inverness) to 44.8 in the worst (Coatbridge), with an average of 26.2. Only Sunderland, with a percentage of 20.6 and Newcastle and Gateshead with 12.0 are in any way comparable to the Scottish cities. The remaining 21 largest English cities have figures varying from 0.9 to 8.4, with an average of 4.5.

These figures, while showing the gross degree of disparity of conditions of housing in Scotland and the rest of the country, do not give an adequate idea of the massing of humanity in tenements, which is a feature of Scottish slums. They are, however, matched by an infant mortality rate, which latter is an acknowledged yardstick of social conditions, the height of which, especially in Glasgow, has been a national scandal for years.

This is not meant to be propaganda for the Scottish Nationalists, but I consider that there will be time enough to talk of England's rehousing schemes when the Westminster Government has made a serious effort to tackle the notorious slums of the Gorbals and elsewhere North of the Border.

ARTHUR GIBBY

MYSTICISM

SIR,—Mr. Trevor-Roper, in reviewing the last volume of Dr. Coulton's great work on medieval monasticism, commits himself to this dogmatic statement: "mysticism is the religion not of hope but of despair."

If by despair, he means despair of *this* world—theologically speaking—then there is something to be said for his point of view. But I do not think he means that. Dr. Inge was known as the "gloomy Dean" because he scorned popular, and scientific, theories of human progress, and condemned humanist hopes of an earthly utopia. In this sense, it may be said, his attitude was one of despair. By contrast, he sees in the mystical element of religion, the core of Christianity, the one hope of mankind. "The saints," as he says, "do not differ": they use the same language to describe their religious experience. And if Mr. Trevor-Roper would have us believe that love of God involves despair of life (a Buddhist doctrine that is certainly not Christian), it is wrong of him to tie this label on Kempis, and others he has named, without being more explicit.

The author of *The Last Days of Hitler* has let himself go, and rightly, over "The Last Days of Medieval Monasticism." I feel, however, that he puts mysticism in the same class as nihilism: if not the work of the devil, at least then of emotional escapists. But I am not trying to defend Cardinal Gasquet.

ROGER CHANCE.

SIR WILLIAM NICHOLSON

SIR,—We are proposing to publish a monograph on the late Sir William Nicholson, and to include in it a catalogue of all his known pictures. So as to make this as complete as possible, we should be most grateful for information concerning the ownership and present whereabouts of any of his paintings in oil. The details we should like are a brief description of the subject with special reference to colour; size; whether painted on canvas, panel, or board; whether signed or dated; present ownership, and any information concerning previous collections or exhibitions. If pictures have been photographed we should very much like to see copies, which will be carefully looked after and finally returned.

36 Soho Square, RUPERT HART-DAVIS
London, W.1.

Books in General

BRILLIANT critics are hard to pin down, and especially those who, like Mr. Martin Turnell in his new book of essays on the Novel in France*, have the energy to race ahead of the reader or to make dazzling circles round him, while he is still thinking over past arguments. Fortunately Mr. Turnell's mind has a strong bias. He favours the intellectual novelist: he rules out Zola and the naturalists on the general ground that the tendentious novelists have built the prison walls that are growing up everywhere in the world. Not much is left of Balzac, the impossible but embarrassingly indispensable genius; the creator of *Madame Bovary*, in a prose which Proust maliciously compared to *le trottoir roulant*, is an intellectual novelist of course, but he is regarded as a great literary engineer rather than a great novelist, one whose equipment was vastly superior to his material. A book like *Dominique*—which must have tempted Mr. Turnell hard—is an engaging period piece. For him Stendhal is the pre-eminent French novelist and after him disaster fell upon the French novel until Proust, a lesser writer though a very great one, retrieved it. The "true line" of the French novel—one remembers that Mr. Leavis made as strict a line for the English tradition—runs through Mme. de Lafayette, Constant, Laclos—with one or two reservations about this writer—and Stendhal to Proust: the delineators and analysts of the human heart are to be preferred to the creators of character and the portrayers of society or the external world. Around this bold central theme Mr. Turnell informs, delights, sparkles, yields points to prospective enemies—as long as they are not political—and minutely following the texts, with the zest of a fine-drawn theologian, immensely enlarges our appreciation of his subjects. Those readers who are still aching from the hammering they got from M. Sartre's *What is Literature?* and are still stunned by belligerent literary generalisation, will find Mr. Turnell a relief. But underneath the charm he is very decided, very firm and very ruthless.

Novelists may be good, bad or indifferent teachers but their moral function is to be intermediaries between life and belief. When we judge them it is far less for their avowed opinions than for the precise act of their mediation; for what has crystallised upon the string they have hung down into the situation of their time. From a novelist's words, the balance of abstract and concrete, the placing of adjectives and verbs, the timing of sentences—and this is where the novelist himself begins—we shall move more surely, in Mr. Turnell's view, into his estimate of the situation in which he finds himself. Half of the pleasure of reading Mr. Turnell lies in his innumerable quotations from the text; we are never lost from the cool pernickety salon murmur of Mme. de Lafayette, so grand and so *bient née*; we are brought back continually to the score of Constant's clear lament. Mr. Turnell cherishes the remark of Stendhal that the "novel is like the bow; the case which makes the sound is the reader's soul" and for him all judgments on the novel must be based not on character, plot, narrative, structure, but on the fineness of the stroke.

This can be read as meaning a firm stand for the classical novel with its low colour, its clear sculptural effect, its imposition of a manner to which we, rather than the novelist, supply the vestment out of our own experience. It is also a stand for moral sensibility. But that is not a fixed or static condition of the soul; it is at the mercy of error and history. In the 17th and 18th century novelists of sensibility like Laclos and Mme. de Lafayette variously defined the decaying moral situation. By the time of Proust the sensibility of the civilised man had become the sick prisoner of itself and "the happy few" are no longer happy. Mr. Turnell goes back to Stendhal and plants his flag there because, in Stendhal, the moral sensibility was not passive or quietist; it was equipped for independent if unavailing action:

> His characters represent positive standards by which society is tested and judged. It is because they stand outside the nineteenth century that they are closer to us than Flaubert's ratés. They impose themselves upon their age; Flaubert's, one feels, are nothing but the product of their immediate environment. They are germ carriers who are born with an incurable *maladie morale* and spend their aimless lives spreading the infection. Proust speaks of the narrator of his great work as being *entouré de son âme*. *Ame* is a word which occurs frequently in Stendhal's writings; but it is a principle of vitality and not a veil which hangs between the writer and the world. Stendhal's ideal was the mixed life—the life of action and contemplation—which was becoming impossible in Europe.

For Stendhal was the first to create that modern hero, *l'étranger*, the outsider, who appears in revolutionary times like our own, though Mr. Turnell is careful to distinguish him from the well-known creation of M. Camus, who is an outsider "for more personal reasons." He is not conscious, as the Stendhalian hero is, of superiority.

Sensibility for Mr. Turnell then means moral sensibility and also sanity. They control the language and the characters of Mme. de Lafayette's severe and marbled novel. Her characters are symbols of the traditional values of civilisation, they have one foot in the heroic age; but already her clear mind discerns that "the sanctions that produced these values are beginning to disappear"; that "political corruption and intrigue, ambition and licence are sapping the foundations of society." It is no longer certain that Virtue is still distinguishable in the casuistries of *convenance*. The loss of sanctions: it is our own situation. A century later in Laclos, the collapse is at hand. The bare, blatant military will of Laclos in *Liaisons Dangereuses* turns an inciting picture of erotic intrigue into one of the most terrifying exposures of a will to power that has lost all contact with morality and the heart, that has ever been written. Here, indeed, sensibility has written its political novel, a devastating commentary on what happens to human nature under despotism.

How much (we are inclined to say) the French novelists gained in intensity and penetration by the narrowing of their material. To the English reader their world must often appear airless, their moralists surgical and litigious; they have been formed by the hard hand of the Catholic church, even when they are hardened against it. It is their not having freedom which disconcerts us, their being tied—Mr. Turnell is commenting on a lament of Gide's—to the eternal either/or, black and white "dialogue" of the conflict between authority and freedom. Yet this intellectual activity under rigid and arbitrary conditions, appears also to fit habits of mind which are really native. *Ordre, réglement*—the very libertines observe them. And even when we get into the nineteenth century, we shall find Balzac imposing his categories and generalisations, Zola packing his paraphernalia into his huge, bursting boxes like a fussing paterfamilias; and Constant, restless and growing up under the shade of Protestantism, will nevertheless compress the picaresque variety and delusions of a free, amorous career into a single, superb, forensic plea. The intolerable pain of *Adolphe* arises not merely from the unequalled elucidation of human feeling when it is deceived by the imagination; not merely from the book's frightening asides upon a society that has no guidance to offer the next generation beyond the amusing and unelevating sight of its satiety—but also from the narrowness of the special brief. The brilliant narrowness of the French novel—Mr. Turnell, echoing Gide again, compares it unfavourably to the wider moral interests of George Eliot, Henry James and Conrad—is a reflection of a society (one is inclined to guess) to whom despots have disallowed social activity.

Mr. Turnell, whom I take to be what is called a reactionary critic and who thinks that politics were the abomination that came in when traditional and civilised values broke down in the ruling class, would not, I think, agree with the suggestion. (I am not at all sure what he means by politics in the pejorative sense.) But, look at the Revolution, he would say; look at the disaster to French prose and clear thought. Look at Balzac's prose, his adjectives and images, which are put in not to add to the meaning, but as if to emulate the steam engine and puff harder than anything else. The critical spirit has lost its purity. Detachment has gone. Balzac is a great genius but he is hopelessly mixed with his age, as greedy, as vulgar, as insensitive, and hopelessly immersed in its interests. Morally he is under-developed.

> We cannot escape the impression that Balzac's outlook was fundamentally immature and that it was this which led him to express himself through simple or deliberately simplified figures.

There is no sign of the good life. And—a telling point—

> Balzac's monomaniacs are in the last analysis the disinherited and degenerate offspring of Corneille. The impulse which, in more propitious times produced a Rodrigue and Polyeucte, produces in a commercial society nothing better than a Vautrin.

(Yet, an artist must work with the material he has about him.) Balzac excites us by melodrama, by what are really crime stories, but except in his pictures of provincial life, he is out of his depth. It is a bad sign that chiefly his *minor* characters are the successful ones. His natural

* *The Novel in France*. By Martin Turnell. *Hamish Hamilton*. 18s.

history is crude and the gap between the category and the character he puts inside it is painful. One sighs. It is all true. And yet when Balzac is writing at his best it is not true. I see no failure—except in the thriller portion—in *Le Cousin Pons*: the categories fit and embellish like a glove. I do not mean to convey that Mr. Turnell writes off Balzac. But he has rather a trim notion of what themes are fruitful. He does not, for example, believe that the story of how a bankrupt tries to redeem himself, can be very elevating or interesting; yet that may contain a passion, an appetite for honour, a notion of moral value. Balzac understands appetite, energy and force.

I have followed only one or two paths in a book which is rich in divagation and ideas and which is one of the most illuminating books on the French novel that I have ever read. I will return to two very striking ideas: Mr. Turnell speaks of the 19th-century myth of "the outsider" in Stendhal; and of the 20th-century myth of "the prisoner" in Proust. The "outsider" has in fact been taken inside now. In Stendhal "the outsiders" die at the right time and, in the *Chartreuse*, one can only regard these deaths as suicides brought about by the failure of the belief in personal relationships which has proved to be hollow. The modern prisoner of a novel like the *La Peste* of M. Camus is very different from Stendhal's unattached and indifferent *rêveur* the Camus hero acts in prison; he is a stoic; he is identified with the others and it is through others that he understands himself. The vice of the Stendhalian hero is not that he is a superior being, but that he makes a refuge of his superiority and ends, inconsequent and bizarre. There is a point indeed at which Stendhal cannot take himself seriously and neither can we. It is natural to prefer *Lucien Leuwen* to *Germinal* as a political novel because it is better written and because it is an amusing, sceptical, clear-headed book about the fraud of politics; but *Germinal* is about what politics are about—life, hallucination, horror, greed, the pit of human squalor, the unhappy many. Not, in fact about politics at all, but the appalling, amorphous human tragedy. It was the failure to deal with that which brought down traditional civilised values and ruined French prose.

V. S. PRITCHETT

SAINTLY SINNER, SING FOR US

Walt Whitman, one of the world's good wishes
Is the one that wishes you here today

To sing, shake hands to the world's peoples
To listen, cock-ear'd, in a way of wonder,

To all the others have got to say;
Then with your own embracing message,

Lead all correctly, or lead us astray;
For either is goodness with God, and gay,

Like song of a thrush or screech of a jay;
They'll mingle miles on, from each other learning

That life's delightful at work or play.
So enter in spirit the sharp contentions

Of brothers belling each other at bay;
And soften the snout of the menacing cannon

With the scent and bloom of a lilac spray.

SEAN O'CASEY

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

A History of Soviet Russia: The Bolshevik Revolution 1917-1923. Volume I. By E. H. CARR. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

Between 1917 and 1923 Russia experienced revolution, civil war, foreign intervention, and famine. Millions of people died; tens of millions suffered indescribable hardships; civilised life was brought almost to a standstill. Even within the ranks of the new governing class there was tension and emotion; Lenin himself supposed that he was living through the most dramatic moments of modern history. The Bolshevik revolution was epic or nothing. In Mr. Carr's most able book it is certainly not epic. There is no excitement, no tension; the meetings of an urban district council would be more stirring. This is deliberate. Mr. Carr has written a history with the events left out. In his own words, it is "the history not of the events of the revolution but of the political, social and economic order which emerged from it"; and again, it is "not an exhaustive record of the events of the period to which it relates but an analysis of those events which moulded the main lines of further development." A workaday professional historian is tempted to comment that this is not history at all; at least it is not the history which is made by the interplay of events and human passions. The effect of unreality is increased by the way in which Mr. Carr has divided his subject. This first volume deals solely with the "constitutional" side of the revolution—that is, with the structure of the Communist party, with the relations between the party and the first Russian Soviet state, and finally with the making of the Soviet Union in 1923. Mr. Carr says himself: "The constitution of 1923 shared what must necessarily seem the unreality of all constitutional forms under the Soviet system of government, once the system is criticised in terms of western constitutional law." But in what terms should it be criticised in order to make it seem real? Perhaps his next two volumes—one on the economic order, the next on foreign relations—will illuminate this problem. The three volumes together are designed only as an introduction to the main work, which will begin with a study of *The Struggle for Power, 1923-1928*.

If Mr. Carr's limits are accepted, the book is very good indeed. He begins with a detailed analysis of the Bolshevik party from its first days until its seizure of power in the second revolution of 1917; he then shows how party and Soviet were gradually mixed together by the pressure of events in the early days of the revolution; and finally he discusses the national problems which were settled, if not solved, by the Union constitution of 1923. The ideas are all there; what is lacking is the motive force. The Bolsheviks used ideas; they did not serve them. Take the question of "national freedom." The Bolshevik principle was very simple. National freedom was right when it operated to disintegrate bourgeois "imperialist" states; it was wrong when it threatened "the workers' state," that is, themselves. All Bolshevik morality, politics, and constitutions can be reduced to the single sentence: "heads we win, tails you lose." Can it really make sense to analyse the workings of this doctrine at inordinate length? The doctrine was a method for seizing and keeping power; something might be achieved if it was shown what the Bolsheviks did with the power when they got it. But this is beyond Mr. Carr's terms of reference. As he has shown in his other writings, power is for him the purpose of politics; and since the Bolsheviks have established the greatest concentration of power ever known, they have passed his only test.

This explains why the book is totally without personalities. Mr. Carr writes that it is the task of every serious historian "to combine an imaginative understanding of the outlook and purpose of his dramatis personæ with an over-riding appreciation of the universal significance of the action." This can surely be achieved only if the persons and the actions are examined in relation to the rest of human history and to the world around them. Here the Bolsheviks and their actions are treated as absolutes, accepted at their own valuation and acting in a void. It is revealing that, though there are many contemporary non-Bolshevik accounts, Mr. Carr relies almost entirely on official Soviet documents. Lenin is given a certain personality, in that he is treated always as a very great man, which indeed he was; but even this greatness is Olympian, not human. The other figures—Stalin, Trotsky, Sverdlov, Dzerzhinsky—never come alive; they might as well be given numbers, in the way that Stalin himself is now known as "No. 1." Yet Mr. Carr has not always been so impersonal. His life of Bakunin is one of the best biographies of our age; his *Romantic Exiles* is packed with individual portraits. It is not difficult to find the explanation. Herzen and his friends, Bakunin himself, were failures, figures of fun; they achieved nothing. Even in this book Zinoviev comes alive a little when he opposes Lenin, that is, when he fails. But the Bolsheviks did not fail; they succeeded. Therefore, in Mr. Carr's eyes, they became Gods, beyond good and evil. They were the supermen, so often foretold by writers of the late nineteenth century. This is, of course, possible, though it seems unlikely. But if Mr. Carr's doctrine is true, and only human beings fail, I prefer failure.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone. By TENNESSEE WILLIAMS. *Lehmann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Debby. By MAX STEELE. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Forests of the Night. By JEAN-LOUIS CURTIS. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Pennygreen Street. By ARTHUR LE BERN. *Jarrolds.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

> She felt no pity. Pity she regarded as a mist upon the lens of analysis, and on this Roman terrace it pleased her to feel that she was conducting a miniature prosecution of the evil that was latent in all modern history, for the crumbling golden antiquity of the city beneath her and the ageing and frightened face of the woman beside her spelt the same abominable word to Miss Bishop and that word was corruption.

This passage, occurring early on in Tennessee Williams's novel, gives the reader the feeling that this is to be yet another variation on the theme of European evil and American innocence—Henry James's first period, with a dash of benzedrine. A few seconds later, the glass doors of Mrs. Stone's bedroom have opened "as if a wind had blown them from inside" and she is dashing cold water on her face. Listening to the faucet flowing in the bathroom basin, we recognize the symbol of expatriate neurosis that has signalled danger in a hundred hotel bedrooms since *Tender is the Night*. Not James's first period after all, but Scott Fitzgerald's second. But by this time it is dusk:

> It was prima sera. All blue tissue-paper. But still down there, underneath the needle of stone that came from ancient Egypt, was the young man of remarkable beauty who had, yesterday, made an obscene sign to her. Down there, waiting.

At this point Mr. Williams takes over the controls himself. From then on the book becomes an exciting failure.

In America, this novel has been compared to *Daisy Miller* and *Death in Venice*. Except that it is of roughly the same length, it has little in common with either. Briefly, it describes the first stage in the emotional disintegration of a Broadway actress in her fifties who has undergone "three events of great importance" within a year. Mrs. Stone has endured "the abandonment of her profession and her husband's death and that interval of a woman's life when the ovarian cycle is cut off. Each event had been a severe shock in itself, and the three together had given her the impression that she was now leading an almost posthumous existence." She therefore migrates to an apartment in Rome and gives herself up to secluded nymphomania. When we first meet her, she has taken up with an elegant puma of a

KON-TIKI AND I

BY ERIC HESSELBERG

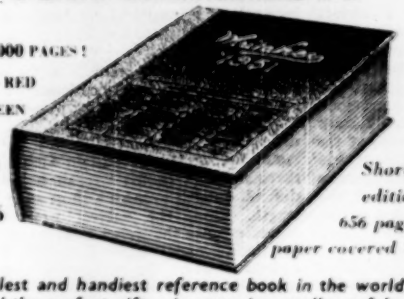
Graphic, vivid, entertaining—the original sketch book of the artist-navigator does for this astounding expedition what no words or photographs can do. It re-creates the atmosphere of life at sea aboard the raft, in the unbelievably cramped quarters of the tiny bamboo cabin in which six men lived for 101 days. Octopus, dolphin, flying fish and the gigantic whale shark are all depicted with amazing realism. Not least the reader is shown the charms of some of the dark friends in Polynesia. No *Kon-Tiki* reader can afford to miss the book. 128 *Drawings* 9s. 6d. *net*

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

READY NOW!

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK

OVER 1,000 PAGES!
FAMOUS RED AND GREEN CLOTH EDITION
12/6



Shorter edition, 656 pages, paper covered 7/6

The fullest and handiest reference book in the world — and the perfect gift — inexpensive, really useful

Over 1,000 pages packed with every imaginable sort of useful information! That fact or figure you want — that name or date you've forgotten — a thousand to one it's in Whitaker. *And Whitaker can always be at your elbow.*

PARLIAMENT
Ministers and party strengths, present and past. Full list of M.P.s. Last election results. Parliamentary summary etc.

SPORT
Classic winners 1944-50. Jockeys, owners, breeders, sires, etc. Batting and bowling averages and records. Cup finals. Rugby results. Olympic Games. All other sports.

STATISTICS
for teacher, politician, businessman, debater, etc. From city populations to flying-speeds, book-sales to burglary-figures.

CIVIL SERVICE
Government Offices: staffs, salaries etc.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES
U.S.A. government, finance, industry etc. U.S.S.R. constitution, trade, etc. Similar facts about all countries.

Detailed authoritative information in innumerable other fields including

TAXES, POSTAL INFORMATION, SCIENCE, INSURANCE, DRAMA, LITERATURE, LAW, INVENTION, FILMS, CLUBS, WEATHER, ETC.

GET IT AT YOUR BOOKSHOP OR RAILWAY BOOKSTALL 12/6 NET

PUBLISHED BY J. WHITAKER & SONS LIMITED, 13 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

THE
ROMAN SPRING
OF MRS. STONE
Tennessee Williams

Writing of the first novel by this world-famous playwright, Carson McCullers has said: "It stands as a work of art with *Daisy Miller* and *Death in Venice*. There is in this book the hallmark of a masterpiece." BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION. 7s. 6d.

THE FORESTS
OF THE NIGHT
Jean-Louis Curtis

"I admire this novel as much as any I have read that has been written since the war."—PAUL BLOOMFIELD in the *Manchester Guardian*. "A memorable story, bitterly illuminating and at times extraordinarily amusing."—*Daily Telegraph*. BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION. 12s. 6d.

A VAGRANT
David Gascoyne

David Gascoyne's first collection of poems since 1943. "He has all the means of his best contemporaries, plus the inestimable advantage of a faith and a philosophy to shape his ends." *Time and Tide*. 7s. 6d.

JOHN LEHMANN

WHO

wants to return
to the dreary
PURITAN SUNDAY?

Do you?

Can you really believe that to play games, enjoy films, plays, concerts, or any other public amusement is good on six days but WRONG on one day?

★

Let us be FREE to enjoy our leisure as we will. Tell your M.P. so. If you resent Parliament's Sunday Closing of the Festival of Britain Fun-fair as a dictatorial interference with your free time, get in touch with those who fight for freedom from out-of-date creeds: The Rationalist Press Association Ltd., 4 Johnson's Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

NOW AVAILABLE

LONDON IN THE 90's

Edited by Leonora Collins

"ENCHANTING" *Observer*
"FASCINATING" *Sphere*
"FASCINATING" *Sunday Pictorial*
"EXCELLENT MASS OBSERVING" *New Statesman*

10½ x 8 inches. 21/- net

★ ★

PARIS SKETCHBOOK

Ronald Searle & Kaye Webb

More than 100 drawings of the Paris one never quite forgets, a wonderful gift for a discriminating friend. 15/- net

SATURN PRESS

young man named Paolo. When we lose sight of her, she is preparing to welcome the solitary stranger who has been exposing himself to her through shop windows throughout the novel, thus providing it with a sinister and recurrent *motif*.

As a record of Mrs. Stone's Roman spring, the book succeeds brilliantly. The author uses words with a smooth economy and roughs in the atmosphere with considerable deftness; his novel proceeds rhythmically to what one realizes will be the first of a succession of *déchirements* which will leave Mrs. Stone a crazed sick woman in Tangier or Casablanca. Here, Mr. Williams's heroine becomes a variation on Blanche in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. For Mrs. Stone, as for Blanche, sex is the crack of doom, an obscene bird, beautiful but self-destructive; both women can say, with Vittoria Corombona, "my soul, like to a ship in a black storm, is driven I know not whither." When he is not pulling out the *cor humana* stop of threadbare gentility and "keeping up appearances," Mr. Williams seems to draw most of his theatrical dynamic from this idea of the Senecan tragedy of lust, and in the present context his instinct as a dramatist is well to the fore.

Unfortunately, he fails in his presentation of Mrs. Stone's background. Here, everything seems to me almost as wrong and improbable as it could possibly be. Instead of casting her merely as a rich widow, Mr. Williams has made his heroine an actress, and she behaves in a way that no leading lady of the type he describes ever would. Power is as strong an emotion as lust; not only do Broadway idols of fifty not play Juliet, they do not abdicate their position because of a break in the ovarian cycle. The author's virtuosity as a playwright has led him beyond the bounds of fiction, since he seeks to make us believe in a Mrs. Stone who, before her "posthumous existence" has supervened, is a kind of female Citizen Kane and who only becomes a Blanche afterwards. Such psychological transitions, however credible in the theatre, are impossible in the novel. As a result, we fail to see Mrs. Stone in "the round" and she lives for us largely as a tormented wraith.

This major flaw apart, one could say a great deal more in praise of this book. For example, Williams skilful use of symbolism (a quality he shares with other "deep South" writers) gives his theme an additional and compelling intensity. Though some English critics have called this novel "pretentious," I think this is largely because of our dislike of that sincerely muddled and mechanistic conception of sex which is becoming increasingly a feature of the American novel, as it tends to reflect more and more certain disturbing trends in American society.

If Mr. Williams relation to the novel is that of a distinguished "gentleman caller," Mr. Steele, though a newcomer, is more at home in the medium. *Debby* is a study of a mentally deficient woman in service with a middle-class American family. To sustain such a theme from the standpoint of the woman herself would be difficult enough even in a short story. As a full-length novel, the subject presents immense obstacles since the writer risks a fatal false touch in almost every paragraph. Mr. Steele has succeeded where the majority of novelists would have failed, by steadily refusing to use the Merrill family as a mere background to Deborah and, instead, involving their griefs and neuroses inextricably with hers. This book has psychological penetration and considerable beauty. It is one of the most moving novels that I have read recently.

The Forests of the Night is yet one more attempt to describe France under the German occupation. This time the setting is a small town in the Basses Pyrenées and the theme is the effect of Montoire and Pétainism on the *vie de province*. Most writers have either approached this subject in a spirit of uncritical hero-worship or treated it with cynical disillusion and M. Curtis has made a valiant effort to keep clear of both pitfalls. The result is not entirely successful, since, while he has avoided totally committing himself to either attitude, he has managed to combine a great deal of both in the same book. Because of this, the reader feels rather as though he were seeing a film each sequence of which has been alternately directed by Réne Clair and Rossellini. Only at the end of the novel do the two halves become fused into anything like the effective irony that the subject deserves.

The author has anticipated criticism by declaring in his foreword that "the world-wide truth of a chronicle must not be sought for here. From the abundance of possible themes, I have only chosen those which suited me, according to the exigencies of the novelist's point of view . . ." Yet the main drawback to this novel is M. Curtis's point of view rather than the size of his canvas. He obviously has a hankering for that particular kind of French Dickensianism which is to be seen at its best in Daudet and at its most expressive in the comedies of Labiche. Because of this, his book is readable and witty but uncompelling; an air of unreality hangs over his characters, and especially his *haute bourgeoisie*. The blimpish, good-natured Count with his genealogical pretensions and English literary references; the ex-monk turned criminal who bores his mobsters with digressions on Maurice Barrès; the musician's widow holding astral communication with Vincent D'Indy—amusing, certainly, but out of place in this kind of novel. M. Curtis, though a young writer, seems grounded in the idiom of an earlier tradition. And on such a theme as the Occupation, one demands that degree of "committal" that M. Sartre has so rightly led us to expect.

Mr. Arthur Le Bern's idiom can only be described as juicy. *Pennygreen Street* seems to have been modelled on the success recipe that sold 60,000 copies of *It Always Rains on Sunday*. This time the scene is the Kennington Oval district with occasional glimpses of night-life in W.1. Apart from the foreground action—busted "cribs," padded overcoats, sudden death from fire, abortion, shock, etc.—the book is bathed in the author's special brand of Cockney *couleur de rose*. When "Old Lady London" is not being lit by "an orb of shining bronze," she is "bedecking herself with a murky purple evening gown dotted with the tarnishing sequins of lights from public-houses, cafés and cinemas." Mr. Le Bern is an adroit type-caster and film producers could have a lot of fun using this book as a parlour-game over Christmas. Though ex-Sergeant Major Jellybrand who "claims the finest moustache in the British Legion, plays dominoes and breeds canaries," cries out for Jack Warner (one can just see him "belching pleasantly after a succulent tripe supper" and plunging a hot poker into a glass of stout), Mr. O'Flaherty the undertaker who "filtered a pint of old and mild through his sprouting whiskers, wiped his mouth and said: 'He's only a little 'un Fred . . .'" could equally well be a walkover for Miles Malleson, Mervyn Johns or Edward Chapman.

JOHN RAYMOND

WRITERS IN SOCIETY

Rude Assignment. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

The Crest on the Silver. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Cresset Press.* 15*s.*

The publishers describe *Rude Assignment* as "an autobiography of an unusual kind." It is a supplement rather than a sequel to *Blasting and Bombardiering*, its aim, to "compose a true image" of the author's mind. It might be subtitled "Wyndham Lewis on the Contemporary Situation"; it is his first book since 1942, and since then a generation of the young has grown up for whom Mr. Lewis is probably no more than a name: if it reads this book and looks at the seventeen photographic reproductions of his paintings and drawings appended, it will begin to understand why Mr. Lewis has been a unique figure in English art and letters for more than thirty years.

But that is to put it altogether too tepidly. It is easier to see him as a sort of monster, a monster of quite extraordinary talent, energy and perception who is not to be netted in the neat generalisations that confine lesser creatures: a painter of genius, whose original impact on English art was revolutionary; a most formidable novelist and satirist whose style and its influence would have to be treated very seriously by anyone writing the history of modern prose; and, as if this were not enough, a critic, political writer and pamphleteer of disturbing insight. Yet, in essence, all Mr. Lewis's polemical writings have been in defence of the artist, and his politics, in the broadest sense of the word, have sprung out of his own practice as an artist. This is that of the classical satirist: his true forebears in writing are men like Jonson, Fielding and Smollett. "Dogmatically, then," he says in *Men Without Art*, "I am for the Great Without, for the method of *external* approach—for the wisdom of the eye. . . ." The artist for him is the Great Outsider, and it is as the Great Outsider that he has surveyed contemporary politics and philosophy. This external approach to society has given his perceptions the strength and purity of those of a great *naif*; looking at the problems of government, the rise of youth movements, the flight from reason, the nostalgia for the primitive, and other symptoms of Western society during the past quarter-century, his role has been that of the clear-eyed uncorrupted child in Andersen's story.

It is here that *Rude Assignment* begins. The first part of the book is a brilliant account of the position of the artist and the intellectual in modern society, the most brilliant I have ever read; it cries out, as indeed the whole book does, to be quoted from piece-meal. Of the highbrow-lowbrow conflict he notes:

> We artists do rather live like an Indian tribe, the relics of another civilisation, in a Reservation. Rich visitors can come among us: they are initiated into the tribal mysteries, becoming "blood-

★

LAST MINUTE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

If you still have to tackle your Christmas present problems The Times Bookshop can help:

NEW BOOKS
all the latest & best

BOOKS IN FINE BINDINGS

STATIONERY & WRITING ACCESSORIES

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE LIBRARY

Also a wide selection of Christmas Cards.

Call or write

THE TIMES BOOKSHOP

42 *Wigmore Street, London, W.1*

TELEPHONE: WELBECK 3751

★

BOOKS

Telephone: EUston 4282 (7 lines) Established 1844

Recent Literature and Text-books on Medicine, Science, Technology.

FOREIGN DEPT.

Select stock. Books obtained to order under Board of Trade Licence at the most favourable rates.

SECOND-HAND DEPT.

140 GOWER STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

LENDING LIBRARY

Medical, Scientific and Technical Books.

Annual Subscription from One Guinea.

Prospectus free on application.

H. K. LEWIS & Co. Ltd.
London: 136 GOWER STREET, W.C.1

Courses of Study for London University Degrees

● Since 1887, UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, with its staff of highly qualified Tutors, has prepared many thousands of students for the required examinations for London University Degrees, *open to all without residence*. Courses of Study are provided for Entrance, and the Intermediate and Degree exams. in Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Laws. Tuition is also given for M.A., Diplomas in Public Administration, Social Studies, etc.

● The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Moderate fees; instalments.

More than 19,500 *U.C.C. students PASSED London University examinations during 1930-49.*

★ Write for FREE PROSPECTUS to the Registrar,

UNIV. CORR. COLL.
70 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

18 STORIES ABOUT INDIA

The Phantom Waterfall
and other Illusions By Oswald Couldrey

with Drawings by the Author.

10/-

. . . "remarkable book . . . and C. knows his India well; climate, landscape, religion and circumstance are happily blended in his impressions . . . Let the reader . . . leaf it through, browsing, musing, chuckling, and tasting. Skipping won't do"—

The New Review (Calcutta)

THE ABBEY PRESS, ABINGDON, BERKS.

Country Cousins or Urban Uncles . . .

. . . friends in the heart of the country or country folk only at heart will appreciate your gift of *The Countryman*. The lively countryside story, told at first-hand in the words of expert and amateur, packs the many pages. Quietly authentic from serious article to entertaining anecdote, *The Countryman* brings the whole of rural Britain to your door.

The Countryman

Winter Number just out

[illegible] copies, quarterly, to [illegible] in the world. A greeting card in [illegible]. Orders through your Newsagent or to the publishers at 10, Oxford Street, London, E.C.4.

ASIA'S PART IN WORLD AFFAIRS

IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTORS IN INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENTS

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

for anyone who wants to be kept informed on all political, cultural and economic questions concerning the FAR EAST, S.E. ASIA and the PACIFIC

IS A £1 SUBSCRIPTION TO

BRITAIN'S LEADING MONTHLY ON ASIAN AFFAIRS

EASTERN WORLD

45, DORSET STREET, LONDON, W.1

MAKE WRITING YOUR HOBBY THIS WINTER.

So many mean to take up writing—so few do. Yet today Editors are crying out for new writers. The London School of Journalism, founded under distinguished patronage and staffed by experts, has helped many to start this profitable career. Putting it off gets you nowhere. You can always make time if you try. Advice is free. Post it to-day. Send for free copy of "Writing for the Press."

Prospectus Office,
The London School of Journalism, 57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1
"Whatever you think of writing, think of the L.S.J."

THE NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS
TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

has pleasure in announcing its **Winter and Easter Programme** in skiing, tunning and sightseeing holidays in **Austria, France Italy,** and **Switzerland;** special tours to **Spain, Sardinia** and **Corsica, Sicily** and **Tunisia** for the adventurous enthusiast. **Tour fee from £15 10s. upwards.**

Further details available from

N.U.S. TRAVEL DEPARTMENT, 3, Endsleigh St., W.C.1
Tel.: EUston 2481

Politics and Literature

Most readers of the New Statesman are interested in both; otherwise they would not be reading the New Statesman. Well here's an offer that should appeal to you. A 25% reduction in price for a JOINT SUBSCRIPTION to two famous and important Soviet magazines. NEW TIMES, the foremost weekly review of international affairs, and SOVIET LITERATURE, a large-size monthly magazine of the arts, containing short stories, poems, book reviews, criticisms, art reproductions, etc. Send off this coupon NOW and take advantage of this special offer.

★ Usual Annual Subscriptions: *New Times* 15s., *Soviet Literature*, 12s. 6d.

★ Joint Subscription: 20s. for a year, 10s. for 6 months.

To Collet's Subscription Dept., 10 G.t. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

I enclose £.....:.....:.....d. for

★ NEW TIMES (..... months)
★ SOVIET LIT. (..... months)
★ JOINT SUB. (..... months)
(Cross out which does not apply).

Name .....
Address .....
.....

The Modern Quarterly

Vol. 6 No. 1

In the DECEMBER issue

Professor Hyman Levy appeals to intellectuals to join in the struggle for peace.

Max Morris exposes the militarisation of education.

A discussion on **Christopher Caudwell** and **Marxism** is opened by **Maurice Cornforth.**

Published by Lawrence & Wishart Ltd., 38 Chalcot Gardens, London, N.W.3.
2s. 6d. Subscription £1, post free (incl.)

Challenge of Conscience

by
DENIS HAYES
foreword by Fenner Brockway

★ ***'An authoritative history of Conscientious Objectors from 1939 to 1949..... an absorbing story of immense human interest'***
Catholic Herald

ILLUSTRATED 15S NET
Published for
The Central Board for Conscientious Objectors
by
ALLEN and UNWIN LTD

"The battle is sharply engaged" writes Kingsley Martin in his introduction to

New China: Three Views

"between those who are willing to plunge the world into war . . . and those who insist on trying to use their reason. For these latter the first aim of policy must be to seek to live at peace with New China."

NEW CHINA: THREE VIEWS by O. van der Sprenkel, Michael Lindsay and Robert Guillain gives not only a balanced picture of China, her people and her policy, but also the full texts of vital speeches by Mao Tse tung and other official documents.

9*s.* 6*d.*

TURNSTILE PRESS
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

"Mme. de Chatou is taken to a tango tea"
an illustration by PHILIPPE JULLIAN
from THE MEMOIRS OF

Chrystianne de Chatou

as told to
MICHAEL SWAN and
PHILIPPE JULLIAN

When Mme de Chatou left Rumania for Paris she was known to be writing her memoirs, and many publishers offered to commission them, but all offers were suddenly withdrawn. Mme de Chatou does not doubt that certain people wished to prevent the publication of such a revealing volume. However, the publishers are proud to announce this English edition. The memoirs cast a light on various aspects of the political, literary and social life of nineteenth century Paris which are vividly illuminated

12*s.* 6*d*

PRENTICE-ANDERSON
67 DORSET ROAD, REIGATE, SURREY

brothers"—just the way it happens with the Indians of Taos, or some other dusty centre of exotic tourism.

> The Indians . . . begin to turn out art-objects for sale to these seasonal intruders. When they do that naturally the work so produced loses greatly in artistic value. So long as a totemic object is carved or painted in response to the demands of a tribal cult, it has the power inherent in all belief. Producing it for sale to tourists—or to "blood-brothers" who have bought their way in—is another matter. And so it is with the "Highbrow" tribe.

One of the things Mr. Lewis notices is a progressive softening in taste, so that "for us *the true* must (1) always be emotional, must (2) be favourable to the object." "No tyrant in the Twentieth Century," he goes on,

> would tolerate such a rendering of himself as that of Rimini of Sigismondo Malatesta. He looks tough, and apparently did not mind that at all. Whereas I remember doing a portrait of a redoubtable magnate in which I made him look "the strong man" that he was, and that I supposed he would like to appear to posterity. I soon found out my mistake. His family, with one voice, objected that I had not brought out the "kindliness" which was, they averred, so notable a feature of his personality.

But Malatesta was not a highbrow; he was a member of what to-day we would call the majority public; for all that, he and the other Renaissance rulers "behaved as only 'highbrows' do to-day in their response to the artist's view of them."

Having established the condition of intellectuals, himself among them, in contemporary society and discussed the nature of satire, Mr. Lewis passes on to some pages of autobiography proper, a lively account of himself as a schoolboy at Rugby and as a student at the Slade. From these chapters describing the making of an artist, Mr. Lewis goes on to discuss the intellectual influences he felt as a young man, nineteenth-century Russian fiction being the chief, and to describe how he came to write his own early fiction, *The Wild Body* and *Tarr*. Thence he proceeds to a detailed analysis of how he came to write such books as *The Lion and the Fox*, *The Art of Being Ruled*, *Paleface* and *The Doom of Youth*, and states in what ways he now disagrees with the opinions expressed in them.

To compare the present work with any of those would be to mislead. *Rude Assignment* is a history of Mr. Lewis's ideas and a first-rate introduction to him. It bristles with sagacious and provocative observations. It is constantly witty: Mr. Lewis is the master of the unexpected, illuminating image, as, for instance, his description of Professor Ayer as "this homely, impassible, intellectual detective-sergeant." It is, it must be admitted, written in a slapdash manner, and both proof-reading and indexing could have been better. But these are minor faults.

> I have been writing exclusively of the English scene, where the intellectuals, the writers, and pundits are dismally absorbed in beating the common Blitz. They appear to be utterly paralysed: the most they do is to mumble about their childhood on the microphone.

All the more consolation, then, to know that Mr. Lewis's energies are in spate once more, that he has more books on the way, to be thrown, like so many bulky rocks, into the prevailing stagnation.

For many years Mr. Grigson has been a valuable skirmisher in the same war that Mr. Lewis has been fighting. There have been times, indeed, when he has seemed, as it were, a cut off the joint that is Mr. Lewis. He has commonly been an angry critic, and often his anger has appeared quite disproportionate to the object aimed at; but always at the heart of the anger there has been a core of hard sense: he is not to be taken in. For him, too, the eye is all-important, but whereas Mr. Lewis's is the satirist's, his is the scientist's eye: he is concerned with minute particulars, differentiation, in poetry, "the streaks of the tulip," "the different shades in the verdure of the forest," are precisely what he values. *The Crest on the Silver* is an attempt to know the self he is at present, the mapping of an expedition in self-discovery.

It begins with an account of the author's prehistory—for several generations his forebears were Church of England parsons in Norfolk. The young man who emerged from that setting, who hated school and found little of value in Oxford—and Oxford, surely, was not quite the intellectual desert in the mid-twenties that Mr. Grigson describes?—is revealed by the author as lost, bewildered, rudderless, one might say an injured innocent. Whatever world the family background symbolised in his title had prepared him for, it certainly wasn't the one that existed between the wars. He lacked emotional security.

But the mere events in Mr. Grigson's life are not important, though he has admirable nightmare chapters on a journey across Europe to Salzburg at the time of Munich to become engaged to a girl, and on life in the monitoring system of the B.B.C. during the war. What is exciting and important is the record of the search for a principle to live by, a faith in the natural order.

The product of a distinguished and unusual mind, *The Crest on the Silver* is an impressive study in the quest for integrity.

WALTER ALLEN

THE VISIONARY

A Vagrant and other Poems. By DAVID GASCOYNE. *Lehmann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

There are two ways of writing poetry, seemingly at opposite poles, in which personal self-expression is subjected to impersonal statement. The eighteenth century produced one kind of public poetry—Gray's, for example—deliberately built up from symbols current among the educated classes. The poet's task was then the imaginative selection, recognition or creation of such a public currency. To attempt this kind of poetry in the twentieth century raises the cry of obscurity (its clarity was its outstanding merit for the eighteenth) because there are scarcely two people whose cultural background, general reading and special knowledge are quite the same. This kind of public poetry has nevertheless been written in our time; in order to read Eliot we were willing enough to read the relatively small number of books he indicated to us. If we wish to read Pound's *Cantos* we have to read a great many more, and already we begin to flag; a third poet who should make similar demands upon us to learn a new set of symbols might find us still more reluctant.

The alternative to this objective universality is not, however, as Professor Bowra has suggested, self-expression. There is such a thing as subjective universality; the visionary poet seeks to participate in the unconscious and half-conscious imaginings of the community. The poetic and the prophetic genius are, in this sense of the word poetry, indistinguishable; and in our own society the objective symbolic references have become so confused and proliferate that the visionary poet is more likely to be speaking a universal language than the poet who tries to work from any public currency. The selves in us that dream speak a common language, while our waking selves are separated rather than united by their specialised knowledge.

David Gascoyne is a visionary poet by natural gift; but he is also philosophically aware of the problem of finding a visionary objectivity. Widely read in philosophy, especially of the existentialist tradition from Kierkegaard to Heidegger, he has endeavoured to discipline himself to the oracular. The question of how far he will succeed cannot be answered now; David Gascoyne is only thirty-four. But he has attempted something more, perhaps, than any poet of his generation, something perhaps beyond his capacities. He is in range a minor poet, but a poet in the major sense of the word; as compared, say, with Browning, who may be a major poet, but a poet only in the lowest sense in which it is possible to use the word at all.

David Gascoyne was at an early age a member of the Surrealist group, and the automatism and subjectivism of this school he has turned to more

dignified uses of his own. He was, at the same period, deeply influenced by Humphrey Jennings and Charles Madge, whose poetic-sociological Mass Observation (before the advent of the more practical-minded Tom Harrisson changed the character of the original conception) was also an attempt to tap the unconscious mind of the public, its dreams and desires. The idea of a public poetry Humphrey Jennings had derived both from Gray and from Blake, spokesman of the English collective soul, the Giant Albion. In those days David Gascoyne was something of a Marvellous Boy; now he has accepted and adopted as his role that of the visionary poet. Where others have hardened in their beliefs and responses, he has made of himself a finely trembling diaphragm or compass-needle, alive to the tremors that run through the world unperceived by the majority.

On the evidence of the present collection I may seem to be claiming too much. This volume is no doubt an intermediary collection between the 1942 volume, and whatever maturity may, or may not, crown a rare and dedicated poetic talent. No single poem, unless perhaps *The Vagrant* itself, quite reaches the intensity of some in the first book; nevertheless the draftsmanship is more nervous and confident than in the earlier poems. David Gascoyne's long free lines carry sprung rhythm to its extreme development, in which the line and not the foot is the unit into which as many syllables are packed as can be accommodated in a given time-interval. Some critics take exception to this feature of Mr. Gascoyne's verse, but it is highly characteristic, and imparts a sense of overflowing urgency. His images are often beautiful and jewel-like in their artifice, or reproduce the nostalgic quality of Impressionist music and painting: a girl playing cards, seen for a moment through a window from a canal in Venice, or a child driving a white goat-cart in the Luxembourg gardens. Each poem is made round some concrete moment of experience, but belongs, when made, beyond all question to the world of perfected art. No poet now writing has a finer aesthetic sense of the values of the words he uses—a natural gift trained by much reading of French and American poetry, and of James Joyce, to a pitch of contemporary purity that I find only equalled by Charles Madge among poets of the younger generation.

There is a quality of single-minded and vulnerable innocence in these poems that few of us have been courageous enough to retain into adult life. Always the beautiful, the innocent and the loving is vindicated as against the knowing, the ugly, and the self-regarding. George Barker—in some ways the nearest poet to David Gascoyne—has his defensive sneer to cover his too intense emotions. With Auden (a far bigger poet in range and technical accomplishment), the Accuser sits ever at the poet's elbow with his worldly experience lacerating and forbidding the impulses of love. It is David Gascoyne's courage to refrain from mocking or from any other defensive gesture. He meets experience with all the defencelessness of a love that never pretends that humanity is comic or evil or small in order to relieve the tension of tragedy. For circumventing or transcending despair he finds other and nobler reasons: the presence of God and the Divine Humanity:

> The Soul
>
> Is said by some to be a bourgeois luxury, which shows
> A strange misunderstanding both of soul and bourgeoisie.
> The Sermon on the Mount is just as often misconstrued
> By Marxists as by wealthy congregations, it would seem.
> The "Modern Man in Search of Soul" appears
> A comic criminal or unbalanced bore to those
> Whose fear of doing something foolish fools them
> *Je m'en fous!*

There are a number of light "makeweight poems," some surprisingly and very subtly funny. The point of a joke is certainly something that a minority enjoys at the expense of the majority, and the higher the fewer; but when the happy few dwindles to one, the joke reaches its vanishing point, and some of David Gascoyne's jokes are spun so fine that perhaps only their author can enjoy them as they deserve. KATHLEEN RAINE

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

For Fear of Weeping. By PATRICK O'DONOVAN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Touch of the Sun. By JAMES CAMERON. *Witherby.* 15*s.*

There are a number of reasons why reporters write books, of which perhaps the most common are bad conscience, megalomania and a pressing need of money. It is rare, however, to find one of them writing a book because he is a writer. Some people look on a reporter as an inferior sort of writer or a writer *manqué*, whereas the two things are separate and apart, and the majority of reporters were never intended by Nature to take pen in hand at all. Quite a number of them are inclined to fancy they are writers; but when their jewelled prose, which looked so well among the agency reports and the editorials, is served up in the form of a book, the misunderstanding becomes clear.

Mr. Patrick O'Donovan is a young man who as foreign correspondent has made a reputation in a very short time, and he is also a born writer. His style is lush and at times extravagant, and he is capable of the sort of flourish that used to be attributed to lady novelists. He will write of hills "that leap up like little green shouts of surprise" and of a face that was "arranged in dignity against the world." He is sentimental. Nevertheless, there is an admirably vivid quality in these sketches of Burma, Malaya, Siam, China and Indo-China. For sheer power in conveying an impression, an atmosphere, a sense of place, Mr. O'Donovan has no rival in English journalism; he has, in fact, almost created a *genre* of his own, fresh and personal, and welcome, after all the "factual" news stories and the star-gazing of political commentators, as sunshine after fog.

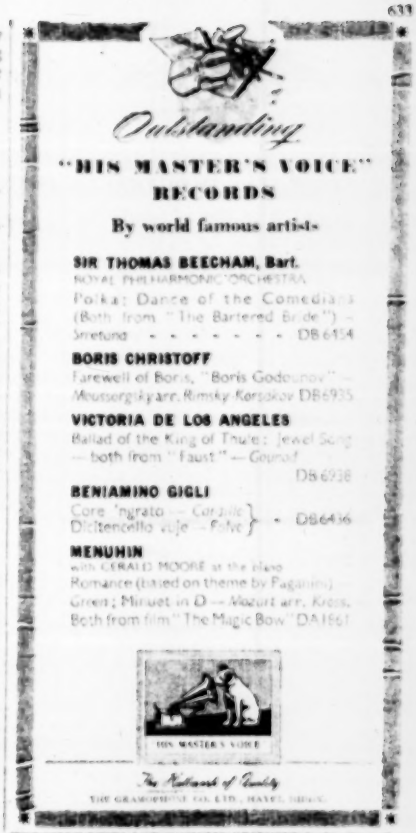
His great gift is for simple, straightforward description. Whether he writes of refugees fleeing before the Communist armies in China, or of British police burning down the huts of a few miserable squatters in Malaya because they were afraid or unwilling to inform on the bandits, of a Buddhist temple in Bangkok or of traditional dancing in Bali, it is with the same sensitivity, the same quickness in noting a strange, a colourful or a moving detail and in finding for it the appropriate image.

It is unfair to reproach him for not having done things that possibly he never intended to do. One would have liked a little reflexion, a little play of mind on all this superb material, and a little humour. A note at the beginning of the book states that the views in it are those of the author, a surprising gesture, since it is hard to think whose else they could be, and one which leads us to expect a certain amount of bold and original opinion. In fact Mr. O'Donovan puts forward hardly any views at all and those he does express are such as have already found a wide acceptance. Writing of a terrible hospital in Canton, he says that it

> was one of the reasons, concrete, visible and appalling, why I believe that an honest man must apply different standards to Communism in China. For us it may be disaster; but for them, under God, what else could they do? It is hard to believe it will prove more evil than the thing it has supplanted; it is impossible to believe it will serve the people of China worse.

We should have to be green in truth to give little shouts of surprise at this.

In spite of the pleasure that *For Fear of Weeping* gave me, it was something of a relief to go on to *Touch of the Sun*. Mr. Cameron, another well-known correspondent, does not write as beautifully as Mr. O'Donovan but he has more to say and his direct, masculine style, with its flashes of humour, presents it most effectively. The book deals with a number of events and


Outstanding
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
RECORDS
By world famous artists
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, Bart.
ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Polka: Dance of the Comedians
(Both from "The Bartered Bride") —
Smetana DB6454
BORIS CHRISTOFF
Farewell of Boris, "Boris Godounov" —
Moussorgsky arr. Rimsky Korsakov DB6935
VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES
Ballad of the King of Thule: Jewel Song
— both from "Faust" — Gounod
DB6938
BENIAMINO GIGLI
Core 'ngrato — Cardillo
Dicitencello vuje — Falvo . . DB6436
MENUHIN
with GERALD MOORE at the piano
Romance (based on theme by Paganini)
Green; Minuet in D — Mozart arr. Kreis.
Both from film "The Magic Bow" DA1661
THE MASTER'S VOICE
The Nightwatch of Tenderly
THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDX.

LIFE-BOAT FACTS
LIFE-BOAT MEN
All Life-boat men are volunteers except the motor mechanics. All are rewarded every time they answer a call. Total yearly payments to the men are nearly £100,000. The Life-boat Service is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Send your contribution however small.
ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer.
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., Secretary.

countries which he had covered for his paper and fills in some of the gaps left by the shortage of newsprint and by editorial policy. Most interesting, perhaps, are the chapters on India, the tragic confusion and suffering of which he conveys extremely well with no attempt at conscious artistry. There are brief delicious glimpses of Gandhi, whose number Mr. Cameron very accurately got:

> The rest-hut of the Temple was being converted to the Mahatma's living-room, with electric light, fans, telephones, with a bathroom next door for his ablutions and massage: similarly all round were quarters for his staff, making the whole set-up probably the only Untouchable Quarter in India fitted with all modern conveniences. "Ah," said Mrs. Naidu, surveying this elegant scene, "If the Mahatma only knew what it cost us for him to live the simple life."

For sheer, macabre slapstick the chapters on the atomic explosions at Bikini are to be recommended. The farce began in Washington where Mr. Cameron, his final arrangements made and bearing a fat envelope of instructions marked *Restricted, Confidential, Property of the U.S. Naval Department, Most Secret*, dropped into a cinema to fill in time. Between films there was a conjuror of the kind that roams about the audience rifling its pockets and then inviting it up on to the platform to reclaim its property. Of Mr. Cameron's feelings as this conjuror gleefully exhibited his precious secret envelope to the applauding room, and of the Marx Brothers scenes that occurred as he tried to get it back, I could not read without breaking into a sympathetic sweat. At Hawaii, civic receptions and wreaths of flowers; at Bikini, melodramatics—"Listen, World! This is Crossroads"—and flapdoodle. The explosion was something of an anti-climax and unhappily some of the reporters had written their stories before it took place: "A searing blast blinded me! . . . My typewriter flew like a missile across the deck! . . . I was hurled aside by the irresistible force of a diabolical power unleashed! . . ." There is only one criticism to make of this absorbing narrative: I do think that Mr. Cameron should have told us what finally became of Pig 311. He was found, sole survivor of the Japanese cruiser Sakawa, swimming industriously through the radioactive lagoon towards Bikini Island. He was picked up and put to bed, still alive although a very sick pig, and reputedly failing. Did he survive? We ought to be told, not merely from interest in an engaging and resolute animal but because there might be a little crumb of encouragement in it for us all.

HONOR TRACY

INTO THE EMPYREAN

The Gothic World: a Survey of Architecture and Art. By JOHN HARVEY. *Batsford.* 30*s.*

It is an irony of Gothic art that it was christened, abusively, by the Italian Renaissance, for which the *maniera gotica* was a barbaric style fittingly associated with the wild tribes who had destroyed the civilisation it revered. Ever since, with intervals of victory and peace, the Gothic (or Romantic) and the Classic have struggled for our possession; it is nearly forty years ago that the last great battle was fought and Geoffrey Scott, in his *Architecture of Humanism*, successfully vanquished the enemies of Renaissance architecture. To-day, although what Scott called the "Romantic Fallacy" is being used temptingly again, we do not find it so difficult to admire the yearning buttresses of Beauvais as well as the unemotional beauty of S. Maria Maggiore—even if our temperament inclines more to the one than to the other. Now Mr. Harvey rejoins the battle in defending Gothic by an attack on humanistic architecture, which was, he says, "a fore-doomed attempt to resurrect the *status quo ante*," revealing a poverty of inspiration which made the destruction of the Gothic tradition a calamity. To say this Mr. Harvey must have wilfully closed his eyes to everything but the fact that he wishes Gothic architecture had not died; the great discoveries of the Renaissance and the need for these discoveries to be expressed in new visual terms is dismissed in a phrase remarkable for its lack of understanding. Mr. Harvey may prefer the "soaring imagination" of Gothic as it goes off into the "empyrean" to the more ordered genius of the Renaissance, but his remarks on the nature and purpose of humanistic architecture remind one of the bad old days when W. R. Lethaby called it a style of boredom, "the art of scholars and courtiers."

The Renaissance artists were only resurrection men during that early period when they were fumbling out their new vision of the antique. There is the world of difference between one of Pisanello's studies from a sarcophagus and, say, Piero della Francesca's frescoes at Arezzo. Alberti was no imitator, but a great creative artist whose mind was capable of soaring as high into the empyrean as Mr. Harvey could wish. He conceived the ideal church as a building which, through perfection of space and proportion, is transcendentally beautiful and inspiring. It is too simple to say that the emphasis on the horizontal in these churches indicates their worldliness while Gothic verticality expresses a yearning religious devotion. Renaissance churches were planned to fit into a circle because the circle was the mystical symbol for the perfection of God and Nature. Thus, in their two opposing ways, Gothic and Renaissance sought to achieve a similar end. The one has the direct simplicity of the early medieval mind, the other the complications of a period when—to use one of its favourite words—the *paragone* between God, Nature and Man was the philosophical preoccupation.

The Gothic World sets out to reveal the essence of Gothic art and architecture to the general reader, and to prove that, contrary to the usual belief, the medieval master-builders were designers who conceived their buildings as an inspired whole. Mr. Harvey completely succeeds in the second purpose, but in the first he fails. His enthusiasm is admirable, but it seems a pity it did not lead him to some revelation of the Gothic mind, a more generally interesting subject than scholarly researches into medieval records.

One looks in vain for any explanation or discussion of such an important matter as the gradual change in the medieval mind which led from the conception of death as a bridge to consolation to those tombs from which hideous cadavers shriek at us that we, too, will soon be pasture for worms. Instead, the greater part of the book is taken up by a survey in which are mentioned most of the Gothic buildings in the world; from this compressed catalogue we are intended to form an idea of the various national styles, but the method fails because the essence of any style is not the sum of its particular examples. Italian Gothic cannot be discussed in half a page and because of this *multum in parvo* S. Maria Novella in Florence is claimed as Gothic without the important information that the facade was completed by Alberti in a style which, with complete logic, links Romanesque with Baroque. But compression cannot explain the strange dating of the Cathedral at Lecce; Mr. Harvey places it in the later thirteenth century when it was, in fact, built by Giuseppe Zimbalo at the end of the seventeenth century. In his error, however, he has drawn attention to the interesting relationship between Gothic and the florid version of Baroque to be found at Lecce. One feels, too, that a survey of Gothic art and architecture should in its section on France have something to say about the great *Puits de Moise* by Claus Sluter at Dijon, and that half a page on its iconographical significance would have told us more about the Gothic world than the pages devoted to quotations from records of the master-builders. Precise information about any artistic matter is one of the aims of art history, and the scholar should be grateful to Mr. Harvey for his researches, but has he not sacrificed too much here for this purpose?

The volume is illustrated with a commendable lavishness, but it is a pity that Messrs. Batsford should have printed it in so small a type and that the typographical design should be so unpleasing.

MICHAEL SWAN

IF WE MAY JUDGE by the increasing number of families in which it is almost traditional to 'bank with the Westminster', it would seem that our endeavours to create a friendly relationship between the Bank and its customers have met with success. The Manager of your local branch will be glad to tell you more about the Bank and its services.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

invest safely in
BRICKS and MORTAR
and get 2½% Society pays the tax
This is equal to £4 . 11 . 0 gross.
No expenses on investment or withdrawal.
Write for full particulars
GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY
(ESTD. 1880)
22 NEW ROAD, GRAYS, ESSEX
Branch Offices: 31 LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX
& 4 WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (Mr. C. O. Day)
Assets: £2,000,000 Reserves: £63,000

Hand Built RADIOGRAMOPHONE Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS
UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
36, Marylebone High Street London, W.1
WELbeck 4058

LAMLEY & CO. LIMITED
The South Kensington Bookshop
Telephone: KENsington 1276
Books for Xmas Gifts
Stationery, Cards and Calendars

Company Meetings

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

Record Output, Turnover and Exports

MR. IVAN A. R. STEDEFORD'S SPEECH

At the Annual General Meeting of Tube Investments, Ltd., at Birmingham, on 13th December, 1950, Mr. Ivan A. R. Stedeford (Chairman) said that new high records had been achieved in output, turnover and sales, and that this had resulted from a combined operation in which all employees had worked with a will and in good fellowship. T.I. had extended, with quite remarkable results, the application of redeployment and the principle of scientific production management to lower costs and increase productivity and, for over a year, had been introducing the newest techniques in standard costing and budgetary control, urged upon British industry within the past two months in the Specialist Productivity Team's Report on U.S. management accounting.

Each of the five Divisions had contributed to these results. The Cycle Division, which sold bicycles and components under the famous names of Hercules, Phillips, Norman, Armstrong and Brampton, had again achieved new high records, exports exceeding one half of the British total. Tube output had been more than 403 million feet, which was unequalled in the best years of the war, when more men were working more machines, and the General Division had done well, constantly extending its range of products. Aluminium Division sales had been limited only by the supplies of raw materials, and the Electrical Division, which manufactured the Simplex and Creda range of products, had gained its full share of available trade. Direct exports, more than £14 millions, were 10 per cent. better than the previous year's record, sales to dollar countries having risen by 60 per cent.

HOME AND OVERSEAS DEVELOPMENTS

Some £15 million had been spent since 1945 in modernising and expanding T.I.'s business, and a further £10 million plan was projected for the next three years. This plan, which touched upon most of the factories in Britain, included a new plant for the production of high precision tubes for ball and roller bearing manufacturers, which would make the country almost independent of overseas supplies for this vital product. New plant was being put down for fabricating long boiler and other high-duty and special tubes, such as those required for power stations; and new equipment and layout was being installed for the production of high-pressure steel cylinders, etc., of which T.I. was one of the world's largest manufacturers. These projects were not without significance in developing the country's economic and military strength.

Describing the company's post-war policy of overseas expansion, Mr. Stedeford said that the newest development was the acquisition of a substantial interest in the Standard Tube Co., Ltd., of Canada, which would be renamed Standard Tube & T.I., Ltd. He believed that a closer integration of Canadian and British industry would be generally welcomed by the North American continent, and that a closely united Commonwealth was still a cornerstone of stability in this restless world. The company had also purchased the assets of the Southern Engineering Supplies, Ltd., of South Africa, which manufactured electrical appliances. T.I. now had associate or subsidiary companies in Australia, Canada, India, New Zealand, South Africa and Argentina. Over the past two years, he had journeyed nearly 100,000 miles by air in T.I.'s interest, and the fruits of these overseas travels encouraged him to believe that still further trading explorations should be undertaken.

EFFECT OF REARMAMENT

Rearmament, concluded Mr. Stedeford, had brought an upsurge of activity which gave an impression of lessening economic difficulty, but it would be strange indeed if rearmament, with its diversion of output from constructive purposes, were a blessing in disguise. The apparent benefits were largely deceptive, and already the scarcity of raw materials, owing to stockpiling in some countries, and the switch from consumer to defence production, indicated the possibility of changes in T.I.'s manufacturing policy. He called for a firm policy at home to maintain stability, and urged the immediate application of a plan for the orderly distribution of scarce supplies following last week's Anglo-American talks at Washington.

The report and accounts were adopted and the dividend approved.

Which would you choose in the event of illness?

PRIVATE TREATMENT OR GENERAL WARD!

The National Health Service ensures that everyone receives medical and, if necessary, hospital treatment in the event of illness or operation.

To many people, however, the necessary formalities, the waiting and, finally, treatment in a general ward, are disconcerting both in anticipation and in practice.

To such, the B.U.P.A. offers an inexpensive alternative. For a moderate annual subscription, graded to suit individual means and requirements, members can make their own arrangements for speedy and private treatment in nursing home or hospital paybed and the whole or major portion of the expenditure is refunded by B.U.P.A.

In view of the fact that serious illness or the need for operation so often strikes without warning, it is no more than obvious wisdom to safeguard yourself and your family without delay. A brochure giving full particulars will gladly be sent on request.

BRITISH UNITED PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION

President: The Viscount Nuffield, G.B.E., F.R.S.

Reg. 2363

BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, LONDON, E.C.1

Branches throughout England, and in Scotland and N. Ireland

GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES

MR. ISAAC WOLFSON'S STATEMENT

The Thirty-second Ordinary General Meeting of The Great Universal Stores Limited was held on Tuesday, December 12, in London, Mr. Isaac Wolfson (chairman and managing director) presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

The consolidated trading profit is £5,896,913 as compared with £4,576,290 for the previous year, an increase of £1,320,623. To the above-mentioned trading profit must be added £54,194 in respect of dividends from trade investments and sundry items receivable, making a total revenue of £5,951,107.

From this has been deducted £461,308 for depreciation, £44,974 for auditors' remuneration of the group, £426,773 for interest paid and £437,462 for the proportion of profits relating to outside shareholders of subsidiary companies.

This leaves a balance of £4,580,590 from which the substantial sum of £3,019,367 for taxation must be deducted, leaving a net distributable revenue of £1,561,223.

Capital reserves after writing off the above amount then stand at £4,430,504 as compared with £3,806,946 last year, an increase of £623,558. Furthermore, revenue reserves and undistributable profits (apart from £2,039,296 reserve for future income-tax) amount to £3,350,479, having been augmented by £1,005,290 during the year.

The above total reserves amount to £7,780,983 and are applicable to the issued capital of the parent company, which consists of £2,250,000 Preference and £1,319,979 Ordinary Stock or £3,569,979 in all.

Total current assets at £38,464,733 represent an increase of £9,277,139 in relation to last year, whereas total current liabilities have only increased by £6,000,341. The surplus of current assets over current liabilities is now £14,725,911.

The year under review has again been a record one for the group. Turnover again showed a large increase. Falling profit margins coupled with a tendency for expenses to rise became evident during the year.

Sales for the current year show an increase over the year under review, and trading profits are being held.

The Report was adopted.

You want "something" —not just "anything..."

. . . when you walk into a shop selling textile goods. You get your special requirements in size, style and shade thanks to the Wholesale Textile Distributor who gives the retailer the products of many factories, and the range to meet your needs.

DISTRIBUTION WTA FOR THE NATION

is carried out by the members of

The Wholesale Textile Association

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION

75 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION
for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE
& PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination; B. Com.; B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B. and other external London University Degrees, **Civil Service Examinations,** etc.

Also expert postal tuition for **Prelim. exams.** and for the professional exams. in **Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c.,** and many intensely practical (non exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

MORE THAN 47,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES
and hundreds of First Places, Prizes and other Honours

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.

Write to-day for Prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (DI 4),

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST ALBANS
or call, 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

for
COLDS & FLU
JUST DO THIS

ASPRO' is the quick-working, effective, modern answer to colds and 'flu. It gets to work in no time—clears the head, stops the feverish, shivery sensations, dispels the aches and pains and the miserable fed-up feeling. On going to bed it is a good idea to take a further couple of 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink. 'ASPRO' lulls you off into a refreshing, natural sleep, at the same time inducing a gentle perspiration which helps to eliminate the cold through the pores of the skin. In most cases you will lose the cold while you sleep.

Take a couple of ASPRO tablets with a HOT DRINK

WHY NOT GET 'ASPRO'
TO WORK ON THAT COLD NOW!

Cold and Pains Relieved

G. B. writes from London, N.1.: "I have had a very bad cold in my head and pains in my limbs. I have found 'ASPRO' have done me the world of good and in future they will be the first thing I will go for."

PRICES
4d., 7½d. & 1 5

'ASPRO' Averts Influenza

C. MARSH writes from Hampstead: — "I developed a very bad cold a few days ago and am sure 'Aspro' tablets prevented me from having influenza by taking them every few hours."

Made by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks

ASPRO

Wish them
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

To little children, the lonely, aged and sick, the very poor the Church Army will do its utmost to bring long-remembered happiness.

Will you help by sending a gift to the Rev. E. Wilson Carlile, General Secretary, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1

CHURCH ARMY
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

QUIZ-MASTER

The Hubert Phillips Annual 1951. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Brain in good working order, Cicely?"

"I shouldn't think so, Uncle."

Of course such a lame excuse is not of the slightest avail when Uncle Hubert is on the war-path: and the poor girl is straightway pressed into the horrors of mental arithmetic by the lure of some petty reward. The opening gambit will sound alarmingly familiar to many readers of THE NEW STATESMAN, who can remember the days when Uncle Hubert, as "Caliban," genially tormented us with a Puzzle Corner.

Mr. Phillips's own brain can be said to be still in splendid fettle. (Since the death of "Torquemada" he may well claim to be the most puzzling man alive.) This new Annual of his contains 50 problems of deduction and 50 mathematical teasers, nicely calculated to display his own versatility and to pick out the weak spots in other people's mental equipment. Most of us will require an ample supply of scribbling paper wherewith to tackle such recondite matters as Yachting at Normonth.

Last week was enlivened by a series of five races in which five owners took part. Each sailed each of their five yachts in succession, taking the helm of his own yacht on the final day (Saturday). On Tuesday Captain Yawl sailed Vivandiere, Atlantis was successful on Wednesday, when Sir George Gatling sailed her, and again on Thursday, when she was sailed by Mr. Mainbrace. On Thursday Captain Yawl sailed Mosquito and Mr. Narwhal sailed Porpoise. On Friday Captain Yawl sailed Candida. On Wednesday Admiral Crabbe sailed Gatling's yacht, while Gatling himself put up a good show on Thursday in the yacht which Mr. Mainbrace sailed to victory on Friday. *In what order did Admiral Crabbe sail the five yachts?*

It would be a benefit in future editions if a dozen sheets of squared paper were interleaved at suitable intervals.

In the mathematical section the emphasis is on algebra and familiarity with the laws of chance, but a few "sitters" are tactfully included for devotees of simple arithmetic. In any case the feeble-minded can always turn to the answers at the end of the book for morbid satisfaction.

Besides posing these 100 first-rate problems, Mr. Phillips's questioning spirit ranges wide over Word Puzzles, Double Acrostics, Literary Quotations, Books and Authors and a General Knowledge Quiz: there is a special section on Parlour Games and another on Detection (for beginners only). As light relief from the grind of thought, a few comic illustrations by Pearl Falconer and some ruthless rhymes of his own composition are interpolated. Altogether this compendious Annual will serve very well as a Greek gift to any young know-all: in "Caliban" he will be sure to meet his match.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,086

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (not more than 200 words) from the report by a Polynesian anthropologist on the Christmas customs of the English. Entries by December 27th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,083

Set by R. K. Buchanan

It has been announced from the Festival Office that a corner of the Pavilion demonstrating our national character and genius will be devoted to "British eccentricity and wit" (including inventions). The usual prizes are offered for suitable mottoes, in verse (limit 8 lines), for this section of the Festival.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

The best were very good, but far too many contributors seem not to have grasped the point at all. What strange treason inspired several to write mottoes on *cricket?* What has the game to do with wit and eccentricity? Magpie offered two mottoes in the form of Limerick and Clerihew, as being "eccentric, yet traditionally British verse-forms." Similar reasons made J. A. Franks express himself in Jabberwocky.

Here are displayed the Chumblewoz,
The doofer and the dabbits:
The wheels go round, the pistons gurk,
And out jump small pink rabbits . . .

One guinea each to E. Robinson, L. E. J., Little Billee and G. J. Blundell; half a guinea to Pauline Dawes, R. J. P. Hewison, Joyce Johnson and Fergie. Honourable mention to the others printed, and to D. N. Dalglish and Margaret Usborne.

Timeless clocks and Jabberwocks,
Pens for sheep (with inks invisible),
Dockless quays and keyless locks
And other notions quaint and risible,
Photographs of things unseen,
Eccentric wheels and tidy tangles:
Phenomena that *must* be seen
Are here.—Conceived by obtuse Angles.
E. ROBINSON

This Nation God designed to be
His greatest Curiosity,
Exhibits here these Oddities
To prove how near to God it is. L. E. J.

Here Britain boasts no Percies, Poles and Warwick,
But humbler heroes—cranks and cards and codgers;
She loves her Tobies, Herricks, Sams and Yoricks,
Her dear eccentrics, wits, inventive dodgers,
Grows in her pippin-orchards certain quinces,
Serves sillabubs among more solid courses,
And sends to battle not only brave Black Princes,
But White Knights too, on gadget-laden horses.
LITTLE BILLEE

Here, in this corner of the native hall,
Wits and eccentrics hold their festival.
Necessity's the mother of invention,
But wit's its father—such is our contention.
As for eccentrics, lengthy as their toll is,
We have not room enough here for their follies;
But step outside; the evidence stands thick. *Si Requeris monumentum, circumspice.*
G. J. BLUNDELL

Hunt with the hounds, and run with the hare,
Cherish the obvious, but still have a care
For those who are thought to have straws in the hair.
PAULINE DAWES

Give thanks—nor seek the cause—that God
Should make his Englishmen so odd.
R. J. P. HEWISON

Inventions here will prove to you, among their odd delights,
That black days of Necessity produce their own White Knights. JOYCE JOHNSON

Friends of Picasso, Dali and Paul Klee,
Attend, here's something you will wish to see:
Some essays in constructivist idealism,

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.*: Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.*: Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

to any country in Europe, £2 10*s.* yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £4).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main air port.
Africa West, £4. South and East, £3 5*s.*
India, Pakistan, £3 12*s.* Singapore, Malaya, £3 15*s.*
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand, £5 5*s.*
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile London, W.C.1. Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $6.50 yearly. Air Express, $15 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1½d. Canada, 1d.*

FELLOWSHIPS

FELLOWSHIPS in Educational Psychology. Fellowships offered for three terms training in Educational and Clinical Psychology starting Oct. 1951 and carrying a maintenance grant. Applicants must be over 25; have Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualifications; and previous experience of responsible work with children. Forms of application from the National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1, to be returned by December 30, 1950.

PERSONAL

STUDENT reading for Ph.D in Philosophy will undertake any research work in libraries from Philosophy, History, Sociology, Economics, MSS. reading, etc., or research work connected with translations from French, German, Italian, Russian. Box 9753.

HOLIDAY appointment. Woman teacher wants holiday job. Charge of children or welfare work. London area pref. Box 115.

SECRETARY available evenings; W. or S.W. area preferred. Box 9591.

NORWEGIAN exp. short. typ. Swede./Germ./Eng., knowledge French, seeks pt-time wk. Mrs. Bak, 10 Aakew Cres., W.12.

WRITER, 35, pianist, some typing, urgently wants part-time employment to enable her to keep on writing. Box 9719.

ART Therapist, Hampstead, takes pupils. Box 9727.

LAW Graduate, aged 23, seeks evening and/or weekend part-time work. Box 9728.

AMATEURS interested in producing or acting Shakespeare in London are invited to write to Box 9754.

WOMAN student, 21, needs work, elementary clerical, no sh.-typing. Maximum 16 hours per week. Central London or Wimbledon district. Box 9780.

WEST Cork. Seaside village. Furnished 5-bedroomed house to let for August and September, 1951. Miss O'Grady, Crookhaven, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.

NEW firm with excellent prospect requiring more capital invites investments of £100-£300 from people of artistic interests. Write: Box 9797.

MODERN Christmas Cards: seasonable designs in clean, modern idiom by Czech artist Eliz. Braun. Straightforward greetings. 12—5s. 6d. (post free). Sample 6d. Modart, 16 Lune St., Preston, Lancs.

INFORMATION bulletins, Journals of Societies or Institutions: consultant editor & designer will undertake presentation, layout and finalization of text for printer. Mod. fees. Enquiries invited from Embassies, literary, social & industrial bodies. Box 9268.

DALTON Hall, Manchester. The Hall, which is the oldest hall of residence outside Oxford and Cambridge, is available during University vacations for conferences and courses of up to 75 persons. Details of accommodation and charges on application to the Principal, Dalton Hall, Manchester, 14.

THE Costly Business of an Operation has no terrors for members of B.U.P.A. For a modest annual subscription this non-profit Association refunds the major portion of medical and nursing home costs. Descriptive booklet free from British United Provident Association (23/49), 61 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE House on the Hill, day nursery and kindergarten, 5 Netherall Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham. 1662. Full particulars from the Principals.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

GOOD speech, Stage trng., deportment. All exams. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric Hammersmith Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman), 14 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. EUS. 3466.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herring, Ph.D., 7 Broadstairs Villas, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 42.

TUITION. Literary editor recommends brilliant lady teacher, Italian, French, German. English for foreigners. Highest references. Box 9813.

ENGLISH lessons for foreigners; exp. teacher. Hampstead 5502.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 150.

MATHS. Personal tuition wherever you are. Postal courses. Bacon, 136 Coombe Road, Salisbury.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes daily play with Vocabulet cards 6s. 6d. set. "I Said It," delightful literary quiz party game 5s. 9d. Pleretan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

WELL-fitted stage. Leics. Sq. for hire. Plays, Ballets etc. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678

YOU are late but still in time to find the right present in pottery, glass, textiles, etc., from Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Sloane 5779.

PERSONAL—*continued*

WINE Tokens for Xmas. Laytons Wine Merchants, 23 Duke St., Manchester Square, W.1. WEL. 1864. Write for list.

FRENCH lady, diploma, would give lessons conversation, grammar. Box 9445.

EXHIBITING Artist has vacancies few pupils. Beginners welcome. Moderate fees. Elise Myers, Maida Vale 2413.

CHRISTMAS house parties in London, the country, and by the sea. Pleasant company and attractive programme of entertainment, dancing, etc. Write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn. HOL. 5831/CHA. 5851.

WHAT shall I do for Christmas? Come to Paris with my small friendly party and enjoy yourself. Cost from London only £19 15s. incl. tours and theatre. John Lamming, Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tra. 2781.

CHRISTMAS Party to Austria, ski-ing optional, Dec. 23—Jan. 7, £25. Dr. Beer, Tel. BAYswater 5916.

CHEAPER than ever.—Escape the English winter by enjoying the sun at San Remo. 14 days' holiday £27 17s. 6d. incl. from London. Details from Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., W.1. MUSeum 8499.

A DOLOMITES Ski-ing Party. 16 days, leaving January 20. The charge of £42 15s. is fully inclusive, covering travel (with meals on the journey), accommodation, excellent food (with English breakfast), hire of skis and ski-boots, piste-instructor, free use of ski-lifts. Details from Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (V) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

WINTER Sports Christmas Holiday in Switzerland for adults, students, and teen-age children. Prices, including resort, hotel & ski-instruction, etc., from £24 10s. C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

CHRISTMAS New Year party. Come and enjoy yourself with a gay, informal party of professional and university people. House party in Sussex, hotel arrangements in Stratford-on-Avon and Cheltenham, and Winter Sports party in Austria. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY 4886. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

BACHELOR flat, Muswell Hill, well furn., s.c., const. h.w., 63s. p.w. TUD. 6184.

THE Paragon, Blackheath. Furn. two-roomed s.c. flat. Tel. Retrig. To let now for few months. Box 9948.

SUNNY divan-rm., with balcony, in priv. home, Redington Rd., Hampstead; bkfst., c.h.w., light, heat, £3 p.w. Refs. Box 9935.

HAMPSTEAD, near tube. Top flat, quiet house, 2 furnished rooms, cooking facilities. £4 p.w. Box 9454.

NEWLY decorated sunny room overlooking garden in quiet home near Heath; breakfast and dinner during week; full board wk-ends; constant hot water; 'phone; suit single business person or student. Box 9677.

UNFURNISHED flat, 2 or 3 rooms, kitch., bath.; with hall share attractive Regency freehold house, N.1. Estimated outlay £650; & 35s. weekly. Very attractive rooms and outlook. Extremely good travel facilities. Genuine proposition 5/6-50 basis. Box 9714.

SHARE of modern 2-room furnished flat, cent. heating, etc., offered to gentleman (Orth.), N.W.3 district. References exchanged. Box 9768.

ACCOM. available refined Jewish house (orth.) N. London, for girl students/prof./bus. women. Box 156.

ACCOMMODATION for single person offered by young couple in small modern home near E. Finchley Tube Station. Full board. Ring TUDor 1482 after 6.30 p.m.

COMFORTABLY furnished self-contained maisonette to let Sunridge Pk., Kent, with lounge, 2 bedrooms, morning-room, etc., and garage. £6 6s. per week. Write Box 245, "Smiths," 100 High St., Bromley, Kent.

FURNISHED flatlet to let, Channel Islands. £60 p.a. only. Sleep two. Rent exclusive of heating and lighting. Write 24 Thornton Way, London, N.W.11, or ring SPE. 0531.

FINEST air in England. Fully furnished flat to let; long or short periods till 1 May, 1951. 3 rooms, kitchen and bathroom, W.C., 4 guineas a week, gas and electricity included. Dudley Knowles, 164 High St., Aldeburgh.

LADY Graduate, 27, seeks bed-sit. in family house, preferably with meals, close Piccadilly Line or N.E. London area. Willing sit-in and co-operate generally in lieu home atmosphere. Box 9889.

WEST Indian grad., wife & infant req. unfurn. s.c. unfurn. accom., London area. Reas. rent. Good refs. Box 9833.

ABOUT 3 miles radius Aldwych. Room with or without board; bed-sitg. Spare-time author (man). Box 9934.

YORK. Wanted in York area by professional gentleman (University graduate) accommodation as paying guest; alternatively furnished flat or cottage. Box 9625.

Vacuum Packed

FOUR SQUARE

Every man's pipe dream this Christmas!

Happy thought! Vacuum packed Four Square, fresh from the blender's table and good to the last pipeful! Give Four Square — and give pleasure. Six blends to choose from — at all good tobacconists

RED Original Matured Virginia, cut from the cake, in broken flake form. Also FINE CUT, ready rubbed for the pipe. 4/5½ oz.

BLUE Original Mixture . . a balanced blend of Virginia and Oriental leaf. Cool, long lasting and with a pleasant aroma. 4/5½ oz.

GREEN Genuine Scottish Mixture of Empire-Grown Virginia and Oriental Tobaccos 4/1½ oz.

YELLOW Straight Virginia type tobaccos cut from the cake, in broken flake form 4/1½ oz.

BROWN Ready-rubbed Navy Cut, finely shredded and toasted to a rich dark brown 4/1½ oz.

PURPLE A blend of Empire Grown Virginia tobaccos rolled and cut into discs 4/1½ oz.

FOUR SQUARE

VACUUM PACKED In 1 oz, 2 oz. & 4 oz. Tins

Made up as working models of surrealism;
Misfunct, incondite, nugatory, void,
Phlogistic, invert, gagal, lunatoid;
To see them to advantage, turn round, please,
Bend down, and watch them from between your knees. FERGIE

Here is the Engine-room of Wit: "the feedpump sobs and heaves,
"An' now the main Eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves:"
Here's English Humour, jest and joke; invention, genius, plot,
(With diagrams for foreign folk, and footnotes for the Scot). GUY INNES

Here, stranger, see what British cranks
And other national barmies
Have through the years produced as pranks
To shock decorum's armies.
Though wit we sniff at, and are apt
To bridle at the brainy,
At length we bare the head we tapped
And honour the dead zany. EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: Too Many Cooks

No. 63

Unlike the proverbial multiplicity of cooks, a single one will do to spoil the tastiest broth concocted by a problem composer. To discover a "cook" in a problem or a study may please the discoverer, but it is a pity to see an otherwise beautiful little work of art spoiled by some small blemish. One can always try, of course, to eradicate the blemish. Take this famous 5-mover by Cywinski, composed in 1857 and long recognised as a conception well ahead of its time. The key move R-B8 saves the QP by forcing B-B2. But now Black can counter

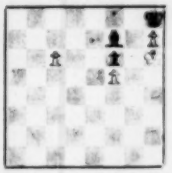
R-B5 or R-B1 by B-K4 or B-B5 respectively. (2) R-B3 forces the B on to the "dead" square R4, and now White can play (3) R-B5, answering B-Kt3 with the R-check on B5, followed by the QP mating on the 5th move. A beautiful piece, but, alas, some eighty years after its composition a "cook" was discovered: (3) P-Q5 ch, K-B4, (4) K x B, K-B5 (5) R-B3 mate. Of various attempts since made to "refurbish" the famous old problem, there is one (by E. Schütte and F. Palatz) that seems to me better than others. But while the original conception is certainly "saved," the rehash isn't quite as elegant as the original. The key is R-Kt7, and the main line is (1) . . . B-Q4, (2) R-Kt1, B-Kt6, (3) R-Kt3, B-B7, (4) R-Q3 ch, B x R, (5) P-K3 mate. But readers may find a "cook" in this one, too.

(Schütte and Palatz)

(Palkoska)

Next, is another pitch queered for a problem composer, E. Palkoska. This 3-mover, in fact, won him a first prize in a Soviet competition in 1925, the author's key being B-R6, with the threat of Kt-K3, and with the idea of countering Q-Q6 by K-Kt7, and P-B6 by R-K3. Years later, though, it was discovered that the piece is "cooked" by a most inelegantly brutal mate in three: (1) R-K5 ch, B x R, (2) Kt-B2 ch, K-B3, (3) Kt-K4 mate.

(Moravec)



Lastly, a very pretty study composed by J. Moravec in 1925—pretty, indeed, if it weren't for a flaw detected nearly twenty years later. The author's claim was "White to move and win," and here is his ingenious solution: (1) P-B7, B-K1, (2) P-B8 (Kt!), B-Q2, (3) Kt-Q6, B-K1, (4) Kt-Kt7, B-Q2, (5) Kt-Q8, B-K1, (6) Kt-K6, B-Q2, (7) K-Kt6, B-K1 ch, (8) K x P, K x P, (9) K-K7, B-R4, (10) Kt-B4, B-Q8, (11) P-B6, B-Kt6, (12), Kt-K6 etc. What the author (and innumerable solvers) overlooked was that Black, by a spectacular stroke on his 8th move, could force an immediate draw. As our competitors, no doubt, will see it at a glance, they shouldn't get more than 2 points for it in the "ladder." But they may have considerably more trouble with these two ingenious studies, neither of which is quite as easy as it may look. White to move and win in both of them. Five points for A and 6 for B in the *ladder* competition *starting to-day*. Usual prizes. Entries by December 27

A: Paul Heuäcker, 1938

B: H. Nikolussi, 1938

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 25

A: (1) Kt-Q8 ch, RxKt. (2) R-Q7 ch, K-B1. (3) RxR ch, KxR. (4) BxB etc. If (1) . . . K-B2, (2) Kt-K6 ch, K-B3 (or Q2). (3) RxR ch, KxR. (4) BxB.
B: (1) P-K5 ch, K-R4. (2) P-K8 (Kt!), P queens ch. (3) Kt-B6 ch, QxKt. (4) PxQ, P-Q7. (5) P-B7, P queens. (6) P queens. Black must now swap Queens, and in the third P-race White wins.

Neither of these two is quite as innocent as it looks, and a good many competitors fell for some of the more obvious "temptations." Prizes shared by Leslie Hale, E. Hopkinson, Peter Robinson, G. Smith. Correct solutions also from Eric Allan, M. Kaye, R. Russell, B. Sarkar, and S. Sen. ASSIAC

PROPERTY FOR SALE

WEST Hill, S.W.18. Fine 4-bedroom detached house in quiet road. Bedrooms include 17ft. × 13ft., 17ft. × 12ft., 13ft. × 10ft. Entrance hall 10ft. × 12ft.; 2 reception rooms each 16ft. × 12ft.; bathroom; 2 w.c.s; boiler and immersion heater; breakfast room and kitchenette. Sunny garden 80ft. × 85ft., with access for garage. Freehold £4,200 or near offer. Gregory, 42, Amerland Road, S.W.18.

WHERE TO STAY

ADAIR'S, 23 Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex. Small first-class hotel, 2 mins. from sea, h. & c., gas fires, interior spring divans, attractive lounge, varied and excellent food, all diets studied, every comfort with personal attention. Winter terms: 5½gns single and 10gns double inclusive, or £2½ 6d. bed, bath and breakfast. Apply Miss Adair or telephone Hove 385571.

A CHRISTMAS to remember! Clifton-ville's Palm Bay Hotel (licensed) offers comfort, excellent fare and a variety of entertainment. Terms 42s. to 45s. per day. Write or 'phone (Margate 585) for full programme.

NR. Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans. Charming, well-run modern Guest House in lovely country. London 24 mins. Restaurant open to non-residents. Reserve tables. Tel. Jordans 2155.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

BOURNEMOUTH, W. Ashdale Priv. Guest House, 23 Beaulieu Road. Tel. Westbourne 61947. 5 mins. sea. All cons. Lovely surroundings. Reduced winter terms exc. Xmas. Doubles 4gns. Prop. E. H. Bruder.

OLD Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel where you find comfort and good food in lovely surrndgs. Club lic. Sharpthorne 17.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel, facing sea, offers every comfort and good food. Now booking for Xmas. Terms 21s. per day, minimum 4 days. Reduction for week or more. Winter terms 4½gns. per week. Resident proprietors. Phone 291.

ONOS. You can spend the autumn and winter in warmth and comfort without fear of river mists at Croft House Hotel, Burcot, Oxon. Good food, perfect for a honeymoon. Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

WHY bother with Christmas at home when you can spend it at leisure and in comfort at the Royal Clarendon Hotel, Gravesend? The Hotel overlooks the river and offers you all you require at an economical price. From 21s. 6d. p.d. Fully licensed. Ballroom, good food. Phone 3471.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

THE Englishman Abroad and even more the Englishwoman, has very definite ideas about those small items which can make or mar a continental holiday. The beautiful Villa Tanit assures a background of personal attention (English spoken) and all modernised comforts. H. & c. in all bedrooms, central heating and excellent cuisine provided by prize medal-list chef who knows nothing about austerity! All this for tariff frs. 800 (about 16s.) a day inclusive of service charges, the best value on the Cote d'Azur. Villa Tanit, Rue Alexandre-Dumas, Nice.

WALLINGFORD-on-Thames, White Cross Hotel. A quiet and friendly Christmas in a charming country hse. 6 acres lovely grounds. Excellent private fishing. Winter terms 5gns wkly. Xmas 30s. p.d. Tel. 3159.

RIVIERA. Hotel Westminster, Cap Martin (nr. Monte Carlo). Ideally situated overlooking sea. Sunbathing terrace. Extremely moderate terms. H. & c. all rooms.

HASTINGS 4371. Optima conditions, congenial atmosphere always. Competitive winter terms. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food, 21½ dly., 6gns. wkly. inclusive. Tel. 1944.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Johnson & Paget, Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

WESTERN Lake District. Ireton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

AMERSHAM, Bucks. Charming vegetarian or food reform guest house in the Chiltern Hills. Pleasant garden of 2 acres overlooking open country. 5 mins. station; H. & C. all rooms, home-grown fruit and vegetables. Winter vacancy for business couple at special tariff. Mr. & Mrs. Woolfrey, Arolyn, Stanley Hill Avenue, Amersham. Tel.: 1334.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel 78 Marina; on sea front, completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrms. Terms, Oct.-May, 7½gns. Tel. Hastings 5110.

VEGETARIAN Country Club, high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

FOR New Year Holidays in Surrey beauty spot. Good food; excellent beds; good fun. "Cluths," Lower Bourne, Farnham. Phone: Frensham 293.

SWITZERLAND. Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school. 3,300ft. high Guest House. Comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 trains dly. inc. Write prospectus. "Le Crivier," Caux sur Montreux.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE King's Highway" by Rees Jeffreys—"the greatest living authority"—a fascinating Study—written with a Trevelyan touch. An indispensable book for all road users, road makers and road administrators. From Batchworth Press, 54 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1, and booksellers, 18s. 6d. post free.

"HINTS on Etiquette" with Brian Robb's illustrations, remains as the most charming and amusing Christmas gift book. 5s. 6d. Turnstile Press, 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

BERNARD Shaw's Rhyming Picture Guide to Ayot St. Lawrence. 32pp. & cover with 60 photographs and rhymed verses by Bernard Shaw. 1s. with art board cover, or bound full cloth with jacket, 5s. From all newsagents and bookshops.

INTIMACY. Jean-Paul Sartre's daring best-seller. According to Punch, "leaves Lady Chatterley's Lover asleep at the post." 4th impression now ready. Of all booksellers or 10s. post free, Peter Nevill, 50-52 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 6s. 6d. Secy., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 15% Victoria St., S.W.1. Phone VICtoria 9827.

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. No pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

BOOKS bought. High prices paid for pre-war & recent fiction in fine condition. Fiction Centre, 57a St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Libraries bought. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. Riv. 6807.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Haeben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6996. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7424.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, Central 1907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

HAVE you got Personality? Read Shaw Desmond's "Personality and Power," price 16s. net from any bookseller. Published by Rockliff, Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—contd.

TRIBUNE, December 15, contains "Russia on the Offensive in Austria," by G. E. R. Gedye; "Wages—A Job for the Government" by George Darling, M.P.; J. P. W. Mallalieu's "Westminster Commentary"; Ian Mikardo's "Straight Talk"; and "American Report" by David Williams; "Concentration Camps," by Julian Symons; "A. P. Herbert," by Sir William Darling, M.P.; "Costs and Censorship—an attack on the Lord Chamberlain," by Richard Findlater; "Hurrah for St. Monbod's," by Ronald Searle, and "Daniel George at Large." Buy it at your nearest bookstall or try our Special Subscription Offer (for new readers only), 2s. 6d. for 6 issues, from Tribune, 222 Strand, London, W.C.2.

WHETHER you are a Tory, a Socialist or a Liberal, if you believe in freedom for the individual, universal franchise, freedom of religion and clean elections you should read Tribune's Fourth Pamphlet "John Bull's Other Ireland," an indictment of the policies of the Ulster Government by Geoffrey Bing, K.C., M.P., whose effigy has been burned in the streets of Belfast. "A brilliant pamphlet," wrote Tom Driberg, in "Reynolds News." Order it to-day from your newsagent, or try our Special Subscription Offer: 2s. 6d. for the first 6 pamphlets, including "John Bull's Other Ireland," "Still at Large," by Michael Foot, M.P., "Full Speed Ahead," by Saint Just, "The Jews at Home," by Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., Two still to come.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

WHY not give "The Writer" for Christmas? 18s. 6d. post free for a year or 1s. 6d. each. Contributors for December issue include Lord Dunsany, Fred Urquhart and Eve Orme. Send to The Writer, 10 Great Queen St., London, W.C.2.

NEW German Books. Latest publications in German available. A large selection may be seen at F. H. Marchant & Co., 11 New College Parade, Finchley Rd., N.W.3. PRImrose 4851.

MANDRAKE—An International Review of the Arts. Winter Number on Italy contains Poetry, Prose and Criticism by Moravia, Ungaretti, Praz, Venturi, Quasimodo, Solmi and many others. 120 pp. 2s. 6d. from 44 Chalmsley Gardens, London, N.W.6.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EAST African Institute of Social Research. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Psychologist to the Institute, which is attached to Makerere College, the University College of East Africa. Candidates should be interested in sociological problems and should be required to work with anthropologists and sociologists in tribal areas and among urban populations. Salary from £1,100 to £1,425 p.a., according to qualifications and experience on a 2½-year contract of which 2 years will be spent in Africa. F.S.S.U. Passages and research allowances paid. Applications (6 copies) giving full details of qualifications and experience and the names of three referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 1 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars should be obtained. Closing date December 30, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Technical Assistants: Medicine and Engineering. There are vacancies for (a) II Grade Technical Assistants on the Department of Pathology (including Bacteriology) of the Medical School, and (b) one II Grade Technical Assistant in the Department of Electrical Engineering (specialisation in electric instrument repair would be a recommendation). The salary scale for these posts is £350 x 25 —£500 per annum, plus a temporary cost-of-living allowance; at present £208 per annum for a married man and £83 for a single person. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience and qualifications, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than January 15, 1951. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of English Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Department. The duties will comprise the preparation of educational programmes for schools. An extensive knowledge of English literature and some literary ability are essential. A University degree (not necessarily in English) and some teaching experience would be additional qualifications. Preference will be given to candidates of wide general culture. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum maximum. Applications must be made on the prescribed form which can, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1. For reply please enclose stamped, addressed envelope. Correspondence should be marked "E.P.A. N.Stm." The closing date for the receipt of application forms is three weeks from the date of this insertion.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Department. Broadly speaking, the duties will comprise the preparation of educational programmes for schools, some of which will be initially in the fields of social studies and Commonwealth. Candidates should have an interest in or experience of radio production and preferably possess a degree or similar qualification. Teaching or other educational experience is desirable. Preference will be given to those of wide general culture or varied previous experience. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum maximum. Application must be made on the prescribed form which, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1. For reply please enclose stamped, addressed envelope. Correspondence should be marked "P.A.S.S.C. N.Stm." The closing date for the receipt of application forms is three weeks from the date of this insertion.

WILTSHIRE County Council, Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women for the post of Child Care Officer, the duties being mainly concerned with boarding-out, adoption, child life protection and some Court work. Salary: Grade III of National Scales (£420 to £465). Completion of a Home Office course in Child Care will be an advantage, as will a degree or diploma in Social Science. The appointment is superannuable, subject to medical examination. Candidates must be able to drive and will be required to own a motor car for which allowances are payable on the National Scale. The Officer appointed will probably be based on Swindon and residence required within reach of this town. Applications, together with copies of two recent testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees, must reach me not later than January 1, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies.—P. A. Sulborne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Assistant, Salaries Department, Finance Division. The duties on this post involve controlling an Accounting Machine Section using Punched Card, Ledger Posting and Addressing machines for the production of Payrolls and for other work associated with the calculation and payment of Salaries and Wages. Statistical and analytical work in connection with Programmes is also undertaken. The number of staff in the Section is 52. The total output of the Section is governed by a rigid time-table and all units of the work are strictly timed. Applicants need not necessarily have actual experience of the types of machine in use. They must, however, be resourceful, have considerable initiative and drive combined with sustained enthusiasm for this class of work, and must ultimately be capable of developing and improving the methods and techniques at present in use. If applicants have no knowledge of accounting machines they must have had experience in controlling and directing the work of clerical staff handling a large volume of repetitive work. The successful candidate may be required to undertake a course of study in machine accounting. Starting salary £565 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £725 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.M.S. N. Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applications for two posts as Assistants in the Music Department. The duties will include the building of all types of programmes, including orchestral, and the administrative work connected therewith. Applicants should be professional musicians with a wide knowledge of the general repertoire. They should state whether their experience has been mainly orchestral or general. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Music N. Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

CENTRAL Middlesex Group Hospital Management Committee. Social Psychotherapy Centre, 7 Fellows Rd., Hampstead, N.W.3. Psychiatric Workers required for Adult and Child Guidance Departments, to commence February 5, 1951. J.N.C. Salary Scale. Applications to Medical Director within seven days.

LEICESTERSHIRE Education Committee. —Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Advisory Officer for Music. Qualifications and teaching experience, if any, should be stated as well as practical experience. The main job of the person appointed will be to stimulate an interest in music, in listening to it but especially in making it, among adults and youth both in the villages and towns. Work in schools, however, will not be excluded. He will form part of a team of advisory officers already appointed for Art, Drama, Music and Crafts. Salary will be in accordance with Grade I of the Report of the Committee on Salary Scales and Service Conditions of Inspectors, Organisers and Advisory Staff of Local Education Authorities, i.e., £550 per annum by £25 to £700 (men) or £495 per annum by £20 to £560 per annum (women). These scales are now being reviewed by the Committee concerned. It is expected the Committee will recommend that the scales be increased on somewhat similar lines to those indicated in the recent Report of the Main Burnham Committee on salary scales for Teachers in Primary and Secondary Schools. Consideration will be given to applications from registered disabled persons. Applications (no forms) with the names of three referees and two recent testimonials should be forwarded to the undersigned within fourteen days of the publication of this advertisement. Stewart C. Mason, Director of Education, County Education Office, Grey Friars, Leicester.

LONDON County Council invites applications for appointment of resident Nurse-Matron at Furzedown Training College, London, S.W.17. Successful applicant required to take charge of College sick-bay and be responsible under the College Medical Officer for the health of about 300 women students. Candidates must be State Registered Nurses. Annual salary £730-£15-£790, plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Send stamped addressed envelope for application form and further details to the Education Officer (E.O. Estab.6D 181), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. (1561)

DANESWOOD Sanatorium (32 Beds), Aspley Heath, Woburn Sands. This Sanatorium is now being redecorated and re-equipped to be re-opened early in the new year for Jewish patients suffering from tuberculosis who would benefit from treatment in an environment consistent with their faith. The Sanatorium is pleasantly situated in the wooded district of the Beds.-Bucks. border. Applications are invited for a Matron and the following staff: Ward Sisters, Staff Nurses (S.R.N. or T.A.), State Enrolled Assistant Nurses. Applications to E.H.L. Stonebanks, Secretary, Bedford Group Hospital Management Committee, 3 Kimbolton Rd., Bedford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRIGHTON Education Committee.—Applications are invited from persons holding a certificate or diploma recognised by the Association of P.S.W.s for appointment as Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs). Initial salary within the scale according to experience. The appointment is superannuable. Working hours, annual leave and sick pay in accordance with the recommendations of the Whitley Council. Training and experience in child guidance methods essential. The appointed candidate will work at the Herbert Hone Clinic, Princes Street, Brighton, a newly organised department where special accommodation and facilities are available. Relationship with any member of the Borough Council or with any holder of a senior post under the Council must be disclosed. Canvassing directly or indirectly will disqualify. Applications with names and addresses of two referees to be sent to the Education Officer, 54 Old Steine, Brighton, within 2 weeks from date of advertisement.

ARMY Children's Schools. Secondment or appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified men and women teachers are required to teach on the staffs of Army Children's Schools overseas. Vacancies are outside Europe, i.e., Far East, West Africa, Egypt (Canal Zone) and some Mediterranean Stations. Normal tour of duty will be three years, except in West Africa, where service is for two periods of 18 months. Teachers will be civilians with Officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham Scale, plus London Allowance, Outfit Allowance and Free Passage. Married male teachers can be joined overseas by their families who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

GLAMORGAN County Council, Children's Committee.—Applications are invited from men for the post of Deputy Superintendent at "Pemybryn" Children's Homes, near Aberdare, which caters for 60 boys and girls under 15. Salary £225 x £15—£270 p.a. plus emoluments valued at £120 p.a. Duties: responsibility for leisure-time activities, and the sharing of the general responsibilities of the Superintendent, as directed from time to time by the Committee. Qualifications: the experience of residential work, or certificates of Home Office Central Training Course, or recognised qualification in Social Science, Child Care or Youth Service. Residential accommodation will only be available for a married couple where the wife is prepared to act as a House Mother. No accommodation is available for families. Salary for wife, £5 2s. per week, less 25s. for board, lodging and washing. Form of application and the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Children's Officer, Glamorgan County Council, Glamorgan County Hall, Cathays Park, Cardiff, and should be returned to her not later than December 23, 1950. A. Clifford Walter, Deputy Clerk of the County Council. Clerk of the County Council's Dept., Glamorgan County Hall, Cardiff.

HAMMERSMITH Old People's Welfare Association. Appointment of Welfare Worker. Trained Social Worker required to the newly formed Hammersmith Old People's Welfare Association. Some experience of work with old people desirable. (Salary £400-£500 according to experience.) Applications to be forwarded to the Honorary Secretary of the Association, Town Hall, Hammersmith, W.6, not later than Dec. 28.

THE Y.M.C.A. invites applications from men between 21 and 30 to train for full time appointments. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership and organising ability. Write giving particulars of experience and qualifications to S.21, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

ISRAELI medical charitable organisation urgently requires keen and energetic Jewish male organiser for campaign in London and Provinces. Good remuneration for suitable applicant. Apply giving full particulars of age and experience to Box 9949.

JEWISH Board of Guardians require immediately non-resident nursery teacher for their Babies' Home (0-5 years). Must have experience in similar work. Write only, stating age, experience, etc., to The Matron, 38 Crouch Hill, London, N.4.

CHAIGELEY School for Maladjusted Children, Thelwall, near Warrington. Ministry of Education No. 30647. (40 boys ages 11 to 15.) Assistant Master (resident) wanted next term, for General Subjects. Burnham Scale with two increments and full residential emoluments for extraneous duties. Application forms from the Headmaster.

INTERESTING resident post in small Finishing School for foreign girls, run on family lines, for woman of savoir-faire, good general education, business and secretarial experience and wide interests, including social and domestic pursuits. Required early 1951 to take charge secretarial training, some elementary English and economics. International School, Preston Park Avenue, Brighton.

PRESS Service & Public Co. Interesting work. No Sats. Wtd., reliable educ. Typist, £5. Also another with head for figures, willing do clerical work. Box 23.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Secretary wanted to help with work amongst old people in Stepney Secretarial experience essential, some experience of social work an advantage. Salary £275-£300 per annum. Applications, stating age, qualifications, and experience, to be made to the Secretary, Stepney Old People's Welfare Association, Royal Foundation of St. Katharine, Butcher Row, Ratcliffe, E.14.

PRINCIPAL required for Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Capable of maintaining Jewish atmosphere in Home. Considerable experience of organisation including dealing with children and handling staff essential. Private flat with full residential emoluments. Liberal salary. Superannuation scheme. Apply in writing with fullest particulars to the Secretary, 76 Leighton Court Rd., S.W.16.

MANAGER required for 1951 Exhibition of Books, Victoria and Albert Museum. Short term but important administrative post. Apply in writing to National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1.

FINE Art Publisher requires Assistant, by preference young man with University degree. The Pallas Gallery, Ltd., 28b, Albemarle St., W.1. Tel. Regent 3116.

AN intelligent young man, having completed military service, required immediately in despatch department of Fine Art Publishers. Excellent prospects. Knowledge of figures essential and of art an advantage. Interview by appointment. Sedso Gallery, Ltd., 18 Soho Sq., W.1. Tel. Ger. 4083-4.

PERMANENT post for experienced nurse (not necessarily S.R.N.) to act as companion to unmarried middle aged lady. Should be available not later than January 1. State salary and other relevant particulars. Reply to "P.P.F.," c/o Dixons, 1-9, Hills Place, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

MANCHESTER consulting surgeon desires services of full-time research secretary. Work will consist of compilation of operating records, interviewing patients and cataloguing notes and records. Medical experience essential. Suitable candidate must like music and the arts. Box 31.

SECRETARY Shorthand-typist, intelligent, to be in charge. Age 25-35. Closed Jewish body days. State exp. and salary reqd. Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd. (off Camden Rd.), N.7.

SHORTHAND typist required. Five-day week. Preference given to married woman. Apply in writing to the Secretary, Family Discussion Bureau, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

CO-EDUCATIONAL Day School, North London, requires between now and next Easter gardener-driver or driver/handyman. Bed-sitting room. Mid-day meal during term. State exp. and salary reqd. Box 9968.

COUNTRY Boarding School for boys and girls requires experienced responsible Matron, fond of children. Educated couple accepted when husband offers gardening and maintenance. Apply Box 9936.

HOUSEKEEPER. The position of Housekeeper at Woodbrooke College, Selly Oak, Birmingham, will be vacant at the end of March. Woodbrooke, belonging to the Society of Friends, is an adult education centre for about 60 students, some of whom come from abroad. The post requires adaptability, but is an interesting and varied one. The staff includes a Cook-Caterer. Applicants should write to The Warden, Woodbrooke, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29, stating age, and giving full details of previous experience.

RESIDENT domestic help wanted for small country house, Bucks, 4 in family. Morning help. School-age child welc. Box 9804.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

OFFICER of Colonial Administrative Service, retiring on pension, age 45, married, seeks useful employment, any kind. Nominal salary acceptable if good quarters provided. Drives own car and willing travel. Would also consider post abroad if reasonably paid and in temperate climate. Box 9899.

WELL-educated young lady with considerable exper. in laboratory technique and knowledge of sh.-hds. reqs. interesting position in scientific sphere. Box 9712.

KEENNESS, reliability, intelligence, energy, offered by educ. man, publ. sch. and univ., 31, married, expd. organising, teaching, dealing w. people; shs. progressive, responsible wk. w. advancement and gd. salary. Box 9659.

AGRICULTURAL expert, wide practical exp., technical knowledge, employed by public body, managing 500 acres as part of duties, aged 40, married, wishes freedom develop larger farm, max. food production, as manager/working (une. partner to farmworker, or person wanting invest in land. Box 9713.

CANADIAN (24), good Honours degree Cambridge, History, Law, seeks interesting progressive post. Box 9821.

MAN, good personality, admin./it./theatr. educ./travel/exp., but fifty, urgently seeks job, London. Box 9809.

BAD examinee, male, 28, matric. and inter., but failed B.Sc. (Econ.). Anxious employment or training. Interview anywhere. Box 9655.

3 MONTESSORI teachers, free January. Elm Trees, Great Missenden.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334) 7 (ex. Mn.), St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Lady Precious Stream." Mems.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2, presents "Late Joys" and "Ali Baba." Mon. and Tues., 8 p.m., Wed. to Sat. 9 p.m. Members. Tel.: TRA. 1134.

UNITY, EUS. 5191. Herb Tanks: "Longitude 49." Wed.- to Sun., 7.30, until Dec. 31. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Dec. 17. Preston Sturges' "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (A). From Dec. 18 Flaherty's "Elephant Boy" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 4244. Dec. 17, 7.30, "Au Delà des Grilles" (A) (French).

I.C.A. Film Season, 7.45 p.m., at French Institute, S. Kensington. Mon. Dec. 18: "Ivan the Terrible." "Le Dompteur Rousseau." Tues., Jan. 2. "Seashell and the Clergyman." "Un Chien Andalou" shorts. In advance only from Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

NEW Era Film Club (Central London) Grand Xmas Programme. New Colour Film "Kuban Cossack." Engl. sub-titles. Happy, gay story of life in U.S.S.R. Also "Fiddle-de-dee," "The Lion and the Hare." Thursday, Dec. 21, and Friday, Dec. 22. At 7.30 p.m. Details, tickets and membership: A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

"MICHURIN," new Soviet colour film premiere, Scala Theatre, London, W.1. Mon., Dec. 18, 7.30 p.m. Res. tickets 3s., 4s., from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Book early.

THE Dorian Singers, Conductor: Matyas Seiber, will give a recital of Christmas Music, including Motets of the 16th and 17th Centuries, Traditional Carols and works by modern composers, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, on Monday, Dec. 18, at 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 23, at 6 p.m. Christmas Carols in English, French, German & Spanish.

I.F.L. Xmas Dance. Novelties, etc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Sat., Dec. 16, 7.30 p.m. Tickets at door, 4s.

TWELFTH Night Gala Dance. Fancy dress optional. 7.30 p.m., Sat., Jan. 6. Broadhurst Rooms, West End Lane, N.W., St. Marylebone Fabian Society. Tickets 4s., 6d. from 88 Park Rd., N.W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club. Annual Christmas Carnival Dance, Saturday, December 16, at the New Paddington Hall, Porchester Road, W.2 (near junction of Queensway and Westbourne Grove). 7.30-11.0. Licd. bar. Chris Stone and his band. Spot prize. Tickets 4s. each at door.

EXHIBITIONS

TOOTH'S Recent Acquisitions. V. including Constable's Study for "The Lock" and paintings by Gainsborough, Wilson, Delacroix, Manet, Corot, Utrillo, etc. (closing 30th). 9.30-6, 9.30-1; 31 Bruton St., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. First Exhibition in England of the paintings of Ottorino Metelli, the Shoemaker of Terni (1872-1938). Also Les Equilibristes by Anna Maverson, and Toiles Brodees by Frances Richards.

LEICESTER Galls., Leics., Sq. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. (1) Russell Drysdale—1st Exhn. in England. (2) Robert Buhler, A.R.A.—Paintings. (3) John Watson—1st Exhn.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. New Paintings by Robert Colquhoun. Daily 10-5.30.

PICTURES for Presents. Early & Modern Paintings and Watercolours. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Ceramic Figurines by Audrey Blackman. Pottery by Lucie Rie.

POTTERY by Gwilym Thomas. From December 21, 10 a.m., to 5 p.m. Archer Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Third Series—Courbet, Degas, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Collection of Paintings by Asian Artists in London. Chinese and Indian Christmas cards. Until December 23.

ARCADE Gallery. Italian pictures of the Baroque and Rococo. Dec. 5-31. 15 Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, London, W.1. A Cross-section of Drawings and Watercolours.

PICASSO in Provence. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St. Open till Dec. 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6.; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings by Victor Pasmore; Colour prints by London Painter-Printers. Paintings by John Harrison. Hours, 10-6. St. 10-1.

1950 Aspects of British Art, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Dec. 14-Jan. 12. Weekdays 10-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

GANYMED for Christmas. Facsimiles and prints of pictures by Picasso, Vuillard, Utrillo, Renoir, Cezanne and others, on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, every day 9.0-6.0 and on Saturday morning.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Denis Williams and pen-and-ink drawings by "Scottie Wilson," also Aceh Replicas of Manet, Monet, Pissaro, Renoir, etc.

COLOUR reproductions for gifts: The Phoenix Gallery has a wide selection to choose from, including many French Impressionists. Cl. all Mon.-Fri. (3.30-6), 38 William IV St., W.C.2.

A.I.A. Gallery, 18 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Textiles, pottery, toys, Xmas cards, 11-6 daily inc. Sats.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"HANDS off China!": Sydney Silverman, M.P., Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S., Jack Dribbon, Chairman, W. J. Ellerby, Tues., Dec. 19, 7.30 p.m., Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Adm. at door, 6d. Arranged by Britain-China Friendship Association.

TO celebrate reunion of Ethiopia and Eritrea, a meeting will be held in Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, December 21, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Canon Douglas Mrs. Frampton, Peter Freeman, M.P., Isabel Fry, Professor Jevons, Lady Dorothea Layton, Sylvia Pankhurst, Lord Winster. Admission free; Reserved Seats 2s. 6d., from the Central Hall Box Office, or from 3 Charteris Road, Woodford Green, Essex.

BRITISH-Rumanian Friendship Assocn. Rev. Stanley Evans, Stanley Forman and Glyn Evans will speak on their experiences while in Rumania. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, Wed. next, Dec. 20 at 7.30. Free; questions invited.

PERSONALIST Group. Postponement of Psychological Dialogue-Lect. from Dec. 21 to Tu., Jan. 23 (Conway Hall, 7.30).

SHAW Soc.: Ellen Pollock, ets. Dec. 29, 7 p.m., 57 Dean St., W.1. 2s. Details: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

"LONDON'S Waterways." A lecture will be given by the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Lucan, M.C., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 35 Seymour Pl., Marble Arch, on Mon., Dec. 18, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Mon., Dec. 18, 7.30 p.m.: N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2: "America Wall Street or Welfare State." David C. Williams (London rep. of A.D.A.). Adm. 1s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun., Dec. 17 at 7.45, 78a Finchley Road, Golders Green (Regal Cinema Bus-stop 2, 28, 645, 660): M. L. Burnet: "Racial Segregation in South Africa."

BEN Uri Gallery, 34 Portman St., W.1. Wed. Dec. 20, at 8 p.m.: "The Sculpture of Jacob Epstein." Illustrated lecture by Archibald Ziegler. Non-mems. 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday meetings at 11 a.m. Dec. 17: W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E.: "Some Lessons of Evolution." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. December 17: The Birth of a Child.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, 7.30 p.m., Mon., Dec. 18, Jesus as Oriental Teacher. Dec. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, Series of lectures on Sermon on the Mount. All welcome.

"THE History of the Christmas Tree and Its Real Meaning" will be W. J. Stein's subject on Saturday, December 23, at Kingsway Hall, at 3 p.m., for his weekly lecture. Silver collection.

W.M.A. Xmas Bazaar, Dec. 16, at 2.30, N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Xmas party at 7. Adm. 1s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MEDICAL Secretaryships. Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SCIENTIFIC cutting. Tuition for tailors, dress-makers, amateurs, private lessons. Classes. Box 9656.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

MRS. KING, 115 Gloucester Pl., W.1. Wel. 5855. Secrtl. training. Intensive courses. Gregg shorthand, typing. Also lr. classes, postal tuition. New term starts Jan. 8.

FOR commercial training Dutton Shorthand School. Winter term commences Jan. 8. 12-weeks full-time secretarial course. Shorthand, Typing and Office routine. Also part-time course in Shorthand and Typing, or Shorthand only. Evening classes in Shorthand Theory, various speeds, Typing. Syllabus from Dept. DE2, 92 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 3794.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss P. Spafford, O.B.E. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 47 Lansdowne Rd., Bedford.

THE Lied. Style and Interpretation. A weekly study circle, including lectures and practical work for Pno. singers and accompanists, conducted by Walther Gruner. For particulars apply: The Secretary, 29 Victoria Rd., Kensington, W.8.

DRAMA, Speech, Evening Classes, Student Productions, Stanislavsky Method, Hovel Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11. (SLO. 1040.)

TOUCH-typewriting. Learn in 12 private lessons, Chelsea. Miss Sutton F.I.A. 1493.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

AUTHOR'S MSS. accurately typed. Moderate charges. Henry Crowhurst, 3 Laurel Bank, Storrington, Sussex.

DUPLICATING, Typewriting, Circularising, etc. Good postal service. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. ARChway 1765 Ext. 1.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7819.

DUPLICATING—12 hr. Service. All typing efficiently completed. Mod. fees. Court Secretarial Service, 37a Kensington High Street, W.8. WES. 0781-2.

DALEY'S Typewriting and Duplicating, 2 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Tel. HOL. 5157.

THE Bond Street Bureau offers an efficient, speedy and inexpensive typing and duplicating service. Any type of work undertaken. Temporary or permanent staff supplied at short notice. MAY. 3692.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 152, Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 2772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

SCIENTIFIC Theses, Technical MSS. accurately typed. Moderate charges. Expert checking. Mrs. Albert, 16 Alfouston Ave., Harrisons, N.15.

EXPERT stenographer requires typing at home. MSS., specifications, correspondence, etc. Work prompt and efficiently executed. Box 10000.

MARIE DUFF, Authors' MSS. accurately and speedily typed. Moderate charges. 3 Woodfield Ave., Streatham, London, S.W.16. Streatham 1423.

MRS. KING, of Secretaries, Piccadilly, has moved her typewriting and duplicating office to 115 Gloucester Place, W.1. WELbeck 5855.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision, by careful and intelligent typists. Express service if desired. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mal. 7479.

LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS., (4-day emergency service for urgent work). Dictating machine service. Duplicating, indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831. Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful checking. Duplctg. Transls. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

MISCELLANEOUS

SE comprendre, c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO. 9595.

PIANISTS-Violinists. Rapid Fingering. Flexible wrists, octave playing made easy (pianists). Vibrato (violinists). Descript. bk. "Finger Magic" (2½d. stp.). Director, Cowling Institute, 66 New Oxford St., W.C.1.

PARACHUTES. 1. Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in. x 133in., 5in. at top; 2 panels 17s. 6d., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. New Irish Linen Lengths (a) Natural Shade, 6yds. x 24in., each 21s.; 6yds. x 32in., each 27s. (b) White, 6yds. x 24in., each 22s. 6d.; 6yds. x 32in., each 28s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway Ltd. (Dept. 185), 139/141 Stoke Newington High St., London N.16.

MISCELLANEOUS—*continued*

VISIT antique centre for China, Figures, Furniture, etc., at trade prices. 158 Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1. TER. 3201 3450.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.30, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 10% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

INVISIBLE Mending on all garments—"de-ser" service. Hosiery Mending 3-day Service. Post or call. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22 New Bond St., London, W.1.

SHIRTS, pyjamas and nightshirts to measure. Your or my material. Also repairs neatly executed. A. Malinow, 48 Great George St., Leeds, 1.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder "Remaking Bedding." Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

TIDMAN'S Sea Salt for aches and pains. Nature's tonic. Insist on Tidman's.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3859/6046.

MONOMARK Service. Permanent London Address. Letters redirected. Confidential. 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Write Monomark, BCM/MONO12, W.C.1.

NEW Leather goods of superb quality & workmanship. 1 Brief cases. Brown with 2 straps, triple lock & hide handle, size 15in. x 11in. (a) real hide, 2 pockets, 65s. each; 4 pockets 85s. each; (b) solid leather, 1 pocket 32s. 6d. each, 2 pockets 45s. each, 3 pockets 62s. 6d. each. 2 Wallets with usual compartments for notes, tickets, stamps, etc., real large back pocket, (a) real morocco, black or brown, each 25s.; (b) solid leather in brown grtc. grain or black morocco grain, each 15s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd., (Dept. 305), 139/141 Stoke Newington High St., London, N.16.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Hans 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls age 9-18.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. There is room only one Dane Court Prep. School for Boys. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Good food. Reas fees. No evg. prep.

INTERNATIONAL School for children of progressive-minded parents. Non-sectarian, non-political, international environment. Please apply: Principal, International School, Tacchomo, North Curry, Taunton, Somerset.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

A PROGRESSIVE School in the North. The Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancashire has 50 boys & girls aged 4 to 13, & in a homely atmosphere & ideal surroundings lays a sound foundation for their future.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlks. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc., Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/46 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4906. Elizabeth Paul.

ST. Michael's College, Bexley. (Day & Boarding School for Boys.) Boys prepared for Common Entrance, General Schools Certificate and other public examinations. High percentage of successes in all subjects. The School is set in beautiful surroundings in the Garden of England—Home produce from extensive gardens. Moderate fees—Write to Secretary for Prospectus, St. Michael's College, Bexley, Kent.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Alloyn Place, Aberdeen. A progressive day school for boys and girls 5-14. Directors: John A. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, (Reg. Cong. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 9-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 637, 638, 639

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at Post Office, New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1925. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published Weekly at 10 Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.